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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII

MAY, 1899

No. 1

EARLY DAYS AT YORK FACTORY.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.

NOTE.—In the year 1682 the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay decided to establish a second factory, to be situated on the western side of the Bay, in the vicinity of Fort Nelson. For this purpose John Bridgar was appointed resident Governor and despatched in the *Prince Rupert*, his arrival in those regions taking place some days subsequent to that of two French-Canadian fur-traders, formerly in the service of the Company, named Radisson and Groseilliers. This pair had set their hearts on defeating the purpose of the English in effecting a settlement in the locality; and probably, if they had had to deal with the Company's forces alone, might not have been compelled to resort to quite so much labour and strategy as is related in the narrative. But, in addition to the Company's ship and crew, there arrived on the scene an unauthorized interloper named the *Susan*, hailing from Boston, in New England. To complicate matters, the *Susan* was commanded by Benjamin Gillam, the son of the captain of the Company's ship, the *Prince Rupert*. Neither Bridgar, the Governor, nor Captain Gillam knew of the presence of the interloper, who, by the laws of the period and the charter of the Company, could be treated as a pirate, and her commander and crew either shot or carried in chains to England. Radisson does not recognize the monopoly of the English Company, which is less surprising when one considers that it was he and his brother-in-law who pioneered all their early undertakings. He lays claim to all the country and trade for his master, King Louis XIV. Not being a match for the two parties of English together he resolves to capture and disarm them separately. One interesting point deserves to be noted: the energy and intrepidity displayed by the Frenchmen, who seem thoroughly at home in the wilderness, and the timidity and helplessness of the English servants. Indeed, had it not been for the subsequent treachery of the two brothers-in-law, in retiring to the Company's service and yielding up their establishment to the English, the Company would probably have found it impossible to maintain themselves in this quarter of the Bay. Fort Bourbon, which was the high-sounding title Groseilliers and Radisson gave to their structure of logs, became, later, York Factory. The following narrative forms a chapter in the History of the Hudson's Bay Company which will shortly be published in two volumes.

MORE than fifteen years had elapsed since Medard Chouart des Groseilliers had first fired Prince Rupert with his project of founding a great fur-traffic in the unknown and unexplored regions of the New World. The prince had lived to see that project succeed even beyond his most sanguine expectations. Now, at his death, the Company owned four ships; and after all the cost of its plant, its ships and its expenses had been paid, it was returning a profit of three hundred per cent. on its capital. The extent to which this profit might have been increased had a

more energetic policy been adopted may be deduced from the circumstance that at the time of Rupert's death the Company did not possess more than a single fort or trading post. It was well known that his Highness favoured greater activity, and one of his last acts had been to sign the commission of John Bridgar as Governor of the new settlement at Fort Nelson. It appeared as if the Adventurers had only waited for the advent of the new regime to pursue a more vigorous and enterprising plan of commerce.

Under date of April 27th, 1683, I

find the following instructions addressed to Henry Sargent, regarding trade with the interior: "You are to choose out from amongst our servants such as are best qualified with strength of body and the country language to travel and to penetrate into the country, and to draw down the Indians by fair and gentle means to trade with us."

But the Company was to learn that the parsimony which then characterized its policy was not calculated to foster the success of its aims. The majority of the men it sent out from England could not be classified under the head of adventurous spirits, ready to dare all for mere excitement and the prospect of gain. They were for the most part young men gifted with no more aptitude for the work in the wilderness than a disinclination to pursue their callings at home. No small number were dissatisfied apprentices; one William Evans had been a drawer at the Rainbow Inn; Mr. Portman himself had sent his scullion.

Even at that early day the staffs employed on the plantations were recruited from amongst the very class least competent to exploit those regions. The majority of the applicants for employment in the Company's service in the seventeenth century were not men of character and vigour, or even of robust physique, but rather hare-brained artisans of the mild, daredevil type, whose parents and friends foresaw, if London or Bristol formed the sphere of their talents, a legal and violent rather than a natural termination of their respective careers.

Sargeant's response to the foregoing injunction certainly served to enlighten his superiors. "I shall not be neglectful," he wrote, "as soon as I can find any man capable and willing to send up into the country with the Indians, to endeavour to penetrate into what the country will and may produce, and to effect their utmost in bringing down the Indians to our factory; but your Honours should give good encouragement to those who undertake such extraordinary service; or else I fear that there will be but few

that will embrace such employment."

The rebuke was just; but it seems to have given offence to some of the more pompous members of the Company; and Sargeant was desired not to cast any further reflection on his employers in his communications to them. Nevertheless, the Company was soon to learn the value of a less niggardly policy.

At the new settlement on Nelson River events were happening, which were to decide, temporarily at least, the sovereignty of that part of the Bay.

For ten days the two ex-employees, Radisson and Groseilliers gave no further evidence to the English of their presence. But on the tenth day their curiosity and uneasiness regarding the conduct of the English Governor, Bridgar, and the other servants of the Company, had reached such a pitch that it was decided without further consideration that Radisson should start off at once to reconnoitre their behaviour. The actual distance between Fort Bourbon, on the Hays River, and the Company's factory on Nelson River was not above fifty miles; but owing to the dangerous character of the river, and the necessity for delay before an attempt could be made to cross it, Radisson and his party consumed fourteen days on the journey.

On their arrival on the 3rd of February one of the first objects to attract their attention was the *Prince Rupert*, stuck fast in the ice and mud about a mile from where the factory was being erected. At the same time they met the Governor, who was out on a hunting expedition with the chief mate of the vessel. Satisfying himself that no treachery was intended Radisson accepted Bridgar's invitation to enter the log-house which he had caused to be built for his own occupancy. Radisson introduced one of the Frenchmen who accompanied him as the captain of an imaginary ship, which he averred had arrived from France in his behalf. "Mr. B. believed it and anything else I chose to tell him," remarks Radisson naively, "I aiming al-

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ways to prevent him from having any knowledge of the English interloper." While engaged in the pleasing diversion of drinking each other's healths, a number of musket shots were fired. The crew of the vessel not taking any notice of this, the bushranger concluded that those on board were not on their guard and might readily be surprised.

With this condition uppermost in his mind, the Frenchman quitted Bridgar, having first allayed any suspicion which might have naturally arisen as to the intention of the party. The latter went boldly on board the ship, and no hindrance being offered their leader had a colloquy with Captain Gillam. This worthy, who while he received the visit civilly enough, yet found occasion to let Radisson know that he was far from entirely trusting him. When his visitor suggested that he was running a great risk in allowing the *Prince Rupert* to remain grounded, Gillam bluntly requested Radisson to mind his own business, adding that he knew perfectly well what he was doing—a boast which, as the sequel showed, was certainly not well founded. Radisson was determined not to be put out of temper, and so, run risk of spoiling his plans.

Winter, even in all its rigour, seems to have had no terrors for our indomitable bushranger. For the next two months, as we shall relate, he continued to scour backwards and forwards through this country, inspiring his followers and urging them onward to the prosecution of a plan which was obvious to them all. Parting from Gillam the elder, who had not the faintest suspicion that his son was in the locality, Radisson at once started to parley with Gillam, the younger.

When he had gained the island where he had left he was instantly made aware that the New Englanders had been considerably less idle than the Company's servants; having completed a very creditable fort and mounted it with six pieces of cannon. With Benjamin Gillam, our bushranger passed off the same subterfuge with

which he had hoodwinked Zachary. He spoke fluently of his newly arrived ship and her cargo and crew, and to cap his narrative proceeded to introduce her captain, who was none other than the old pilot, Pierre Allemand, who, from the description I have of his appearance, looked every inch the bold, fierce and uncompromising mariner. He had a great deal to tell Benjamin likewise of the Company's post near by, which he said contained forty soldiers.

"Let them be forty devils," exclaimed Gillam, junior, "we have built a good fort and are afraid of nothing."

Whereupon Radisson gently reminded him that according to his agreement he was to have built no fort whatever. In reply to this Benjamin begged his visitor not to take umbrage at such a matter, as he never intended to dispute the rights of the French in the region, and that the fort was merely intended as a defence against the Indians.

As the evening wore on, a manœuvre suggested itself to Radisson. He resolved to bring father and son together. No sooner had he formed this amiable resolve than he revealed to Benjamin Gillam the proximity of the *Prince Rupert* and her commander, and described the means by which an encounter might be effected without eliciting the suspicions of Governor Bridgar or any of the Company's servants. It consisted briefly in young Benjamin's disguising himself as a Frenchman and a bushranger. The scheme met with the young man's hearty approbation and the details were settled as Radisson had designed.

On the following day the party set out through the snow. Arriving at the point on land opposite to which the Company's ship lay, Radisson posted two of his best men in the woods on the path which led to the factory. He instructed them to allow the Governor to pass should he come that way, but that if he returned from the ship unaccompanied or prior to their own departure they were to seize and overpower him on the spot. With such precautions

as these Radisson felt himself safe and went on board the *Prince Rupert* accompanied by Gillam. He introduced his two companions into the captain's room without any notice on the part of Gillam the elder, and the mate and another man he had with him. Leaning across the table, upon which was deposited a bulky bottle of rum, Radisson whispered to the honest captain that he had a secret of the highest importance to communicate if he would but dismiss the others. Gillam readily sent away the mate, but would not dismiss his second attendant until Radisson, again in a whisper, informed him that the black-bearded man in the strange head-gear was his son.

After communicating this intelligence the pair had their own way. The next few moments were devoted to embraces and to an interchange of news, for Captain Gillam and Benjamin had not met for two years. The sire could not refrain from imparting to his son that he was running a great risk; he declared it would be ruinous to him if it got to the Governor's ears that there was any collusion between them. Radisson again professed his friendship, but added that in his opinion neither of the parties had any right to be where they were, he having taken possession for the King of France. "This territory is all His Most Christian Majesty's," he said. "The fort we have built yonder we call Fort Bourbon, and none have any right here but such as own allegiance to Louis XIV." He observed that nothing would cause a rupture of the friendly relations now subsisting between French and English but that trade in peltries, trade which he had too great reason to fear they hoped to initiate with the Indians in the spring.

Thereupon the elder Gillam coolly responded that the ship he commanded, and the spot on which they were then assembled, belonged not to himself, but to the Hudson's Bay Company.

"With regard to the trade, gentlemen," said he, "you have nothing to fear from me. Even though I don't carry a solitary beaver back to the

Thames, I shall not trouble myself, being sure of my wages."

This interview was prolonged. The healths of the Kings of France and England, Prince Rupert and M. Colbert (quite in ignorance of the deaths of the two last named) were drunk with zeal and enthusiasm. In the midst of all this, that which Radisson had anticipated, occurred. Governor Bridgar, notified of Radisson's return, came to the ship in hot haste. On his joining the group he remarked meaningly that the fort the French had constructed must be nearer than he had been given to think, since its commandant could effect so speedy a return. He evinced himself very uneasy in mind concerning the Frenchman's intentions. Before their departure, young Gillam came very near being betrayed. He was partially recognized by one of the traders who accompanied the Governor. But the matter passed off without serious consequences.

None too soon did the party return to young Gillam's fort on the island, for a tremendous blizzard ensued, sweeping the whole country, and forcing Radisson to remain for some days within doors. As soon as the storm had subsided, however, Radisson started off, declining Gillam's offer of his second mate to accompany him back to the French settlement.

"I managed to dissuade him," he writes, "having my reasons for wishing to conceal the road we should take. On leaving we went up from the fort to the upper part of the river, but in the evening we retraced our steps and next morning found ourselves in sight of the sea into which it was necessary to enter in order to pass the point and reach the river in which was our habitation. But everything was so covered with ice that there was no apparent way of passing further. We found ourselves, indeed, so entangled in the ice that we could neither retreat nor advance towards the shore to make a landing. It was necessary, however, that we should pass through the ice or perish. We remained in this condition for four hours without being able to advance or

retire and in great danger of our lives. Our clothes were frozen on us and we could only move with difficulty, but at last we made so strong an attempt that we arrived at the shore, our canoe being all broken up. Each of us took our baggage and arms and marched in the direction of our habitation, without finding anything to eat for three days except crows and birds of prey, which are the last to leave these countries."

Fort Bourbon was reached at length. After reporting to his brother-in-law all that had passed, Groseilliers was not long in counselling what was best to be done. In his opinion the first thing necessary was to secure possession of young Gillam's ship. Time pressed and the spring would soon be upon them bringing with it the Indians. He argued that delay might prove fatal, inasmuch as Bridgar might at any moment learn of the presence of the New England interlopers; and in that event he would probably make an effort to capture their fort and add their forces to his own. If this were done, the success of the French in overpowering the English traders would be slight and their voyage would have been undertaken for nothing.

It was therefore agreed that Groseilliers should remain in charge of the fort, while his kinsman should immediately return to Nelson River. In a few days they parted once more, Radisson setting out with a fresh party and thoroughly resolved upon action. The first discovery he made, on arriving at the scene of his proposed operations, was that the Company's ship, the *Prince Rupert*, was frozen fast in the ice, and must inevitably perish when the spring floods came. He also speedily ascertained that the Governor, by no means relishing his presence in the vicinity, was already planning measures to thwart, if not to capture, his rivals, for he had sent out two sailors charged with the task of discovering the exact whereabouts of the French and the extent of their strength and equipment.

These two spies Radisson promptly captured—no difficult task indeed, for they had lost their way and were half-

frozen and almost famished. The anticipated fate of the *Prince Rupert* was not long delayed. The tidings shortly reached Radisson that she was a total wreck, and with it came also the news of the loss of her captain, the mate and four sailors. A subsequent report, however, declared that Gillman had escaped with his life.

Receiving this intelligence, Radisson presented himself before the Governor to see how he was affected by such a calamity.

He found Bridgar drinking heavily, but resolved to keep up appearances and to withhold from the French any knowledge of what had happened. He affected to believe the ship safe, merely observing that she had shifted her position a few leagues down the river. Radisson asserts that at this time the Company's factory was short of provisions. It is impossible that this could have been the case. The assertion was probably made to cover his own depredations on the stores of the Company.

Parting from the Governor, Radisson presented himself before Gillam the younger, to whom he did not as yet choose to say anything concerning his father and the loss of his ship. Under various pretences he induced Gillam to pay him a visit at Fort Bourbon. The latter does not seem at this time to have been aware of the intention of the French towards him. But he was soon to be undeceived.

"I remained quiet for a month," says Radisson, in the course of his extraordinary narrative, "treating young Gillam, my new guest, well and with all sorts of civilities, which he abused on several occasions. For having apparently perceived that we had not the strength I told him, he took the liberty of speaking of me in threatening terms behind my back, treating me as a pirate and saying that, in spite of me, he would trade in spring with the Indians. He had even the hardihood to strike one of my men which I pretended not to notice; but, having the insolence later when we were discussing the privileges of New England

to speak against the respect due the best of kings, I treated him as a worthless dog for speaking in that way and told him that, having had the honour to eat bread in his service, I would pray to God all my life for His Majesty. He left me, threatening that he would return to his fort and that when he was there I would not dare to speak to him as I had done. I could not expect to have a better opportunity to begin what I had resolved to do. I told this young brute then that I had brought him from his fort, that I would take him back myself when I pleased, not when he wished. He answered impertinently several times, which obliged me to threaten that I would put him in a place of safety if he was not wiser. He asked me then if he was a prisoner. I said I would consider it and that I would secure my trade since he had threatened to interrupt it. I then withdrew to give him time to be informed by the Englishmen how his father's loss was lost with the Company's ship and the bad situation of Mr. Bridgar. I left in their company a Frenchman who understood English unknown to them. When I had left young Gillam urged the Englishman to fly and to go to his master and assure him that he would give him six barrels of powder and other supplies if he would undertake to deliver him out of my hands. The Englishman made no answer, but he did not inform me of the proposition that had been made him (I had learned that from the Frenchman who had learned everything and thought it was time to act for my security.)"

In the evening Radisson said nothing of what he knew of the plot. He asked those in his train if the muskets were in their places which he had put around to act as guarantee against surprise. At the word *musket* young Gillam, who did not know what was meant, grew alarmed and, according to Radisson, wished to fly, believing that it was intended to kill him. But his flight was arrested by his captor who took occasion to free him from

his apprehension. The next morning, however, the bushranger's plans were openly divulged. He told Gillam that he was about to take his fort and ship.

"He answered haughtily that even if I had a hundred men I could not succeed and that his people would have killed more than forty before they could reach the palisades. This boldness did not astonish me, being very sure that I would succeed in my design."

Having secured Gillam the younger, it was now necessary to secure the fort of which he was master. The intrepid Frenchman started for Hayes Island with nine men, and, gaining an entrance by strategy, he cast off the mask of friendship and boldly demanded the keys of the fort and the whole stock of arms and powder. He added that in the event of their refusal to yield he would raze the fort to the ground. No resistance seems to have been attempted, and Radisson took formal possession of the place in the name of the King of France. This ceremony being concluded, he ordered Jenkins, the mate, to conduct him to the ship, and here formal possession was taken in the same fashion, without any forcible objection on the part of the crew. Some explanation of this extraordinary complaisance, if Radisson's story of the number of men he took with him be true, may be found in the commander's unpopularity, he having recently killed his supercargo in a quarrel.

Nevertheless Benjamin Gillam was not to be altogether without friends.

A certain Scotchman, perchance the first of his race in those regions, which were afterwards to be forever associated with Scottish zeal and labours, wishing to show his fidelity to his chief, escaped and eluding the efforts of Radisson's fleetest bushrangers to catch him, arrived at Fort Nelson and told his tale. The Governor's astonishment may be imagined. He had hitherto no inkling of the presence of the New England interlopers, and although his captain and fellow-servant was not equally ignorant Gillam had

kept his counsel well. The Governor decided at once to head a party of relief, in which he was seconded by Gillam père, who was at the moment only just recovering from an illness caused by exposure during the shipwreck. The *Susan* was their first point of attack. Under the cover of night they made a determined effort to recapture her for the Company—an attempt which might have succeeded had not Radisson, suspecting the move, despatched his entire available force at the same time and completely overpowered the Governor's men. He thought at first sight that Bridgar himself was among his prisoners, but the Governor was not to be caught in that fashion; he had not himself boarded the ship. The Scotchman who accompanied him, however, was not so fortunate; he fell into Radisson's hands and suffered for his zeal. He was tied to a post and informed that his execution would take place without ceremony on the morrow. The sentence was never carried out. Radisson, after exposing his prisoner to the cold all night in an uncomfortable position, seems to have thought better of his threat, and after numerous vicissitudes the Scot at length regained his liberty.

Reinforcements for the French now arrived from Groseilliers. Believing himself now strong enough to beard the lion in his lair, Radisson de-

cided to lose no more time in rounding off his schemes. First, however, he saw fit to address a letter to the Governor asking him if he "approved the action of the Company's people whom he held prisoners, who had broken two doors and the storeroom of his ship, in order to carry off the powder."

Bridgar's reply was that he owed no explanation to a renegade employé of the Company. Radisson had not been sincere in his professions, and he had dealt basely and deceitfully with him in preserving silence on the subject of the interlopers. "As I had proper instructions," concluded Bridgar, in a more conciliatory strain, "on setting sail from London to seize all ships coming to this quarter, I would willingly have joined hands with you in capturing this vessel. If you wish me to regard you as sincere you will not keep this prize for your own use."

The other's response was rapid and masterly. He marched upon Fort Nelson with twelve men, and by the following nightfall was master of the English establishment. This feat nearly drove the unhappy Governor to despair, and he sought solace by applying himself to the rum cask with even greater assiduity. In this frame of mind John Brigdar, the first Governor of Port Nelson was carried off a prisoner to Fort Bourbon.

To be Continued.

ALONG THE TRAIL.

FOREVER in the veiled to-morrow lies
The land of Hope, secure from mortal eyes;
While in the new-made grave of yesterday
Some dear delusion reverently we lay.

Bradford K. Daniels.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF CURRENT BOOKS.

"The faithful delineation of human feelings, in all their strength and weakness, will serve as a mirror to every mind capable of self-examination."—CARLYLE.

TO a certain extent it is true that the current novel finds its support chiefly among that class of the public which has received no training in the higher branches of literature. Those who have, at one time or another during a university course or a long period of private but thorough study, made an examination of the masters of ancient and modern literature and come to have some idea of the value of thought and of style, find their greatest pleasure in the older novelists or in the great historians and essayists.

An illustration of this was provided for me recently. Six men of education and culture were taking dinner in a private room in a city restaurant. The conversation turned on to the current novel and its value. Finally, some one suggested that each person write the names of his five favourite English authors on a slip of paper and hand it to one of the men for examination. The Bible and Shakespeare were barred. When the result was summed up the vote stood as follows: Scott, 4 votes; Carlyle, Dickens and Kipling, 3 each; Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray and Ruskin, 2 each; Eliot, Pope, Leckie, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold one each. There were thirty votes cast, and sixteen authors mentioned.

There are several thousand new books printed each year in the English language which may be expected to be of interest to the general reader. Here was a body of six men with a full knowledge of all the more important of the books published during the last five years, who calmly stated that none of the current books except those of Kipling and Stevenson have proved themselves worthy of their admiration. No mention was made of Anthony

Hope, Marion Crawford, Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Richard Harding Davis, Frank R. Stockton, Justin McCarthy, J. M. Barrie, Hall Caine, William Black, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Francis Hodgson Burnett, James Lane Allen, Harold Frederic, Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman, Thomas Hardy, George Du Maurier, William Dean Howells, or the score of other familiar names of the last few years—only Kipling and Stevenson. Yet of all these persons who were ignored by these six self-appointed critics, most have at one time or another shown signs of genius. Why should these critics treat them only as favourites for an hour?

Perhaps an explanation may be found in the character of the men themselves. The educated Canadian is conservative. Before acknowledging anything to be pure gold, he must have seen it tried in the fire. He prefers the book which has weathered the criticisms of half a century to that which is new and untested. Yet this rule applied absolutely would have barred Kipling and Stevenson, for they are modern writers.

Another explanation may be offered. The modern publisher publishes a certain number of books each year, the number determined by his capital and the means of sale at his disposal. When a clever writer makes his mark, the publisher rushes him for another manuscript and another, and another. The managers of magazines deluge him with offers for articles and essays and short stories. These men hang bags of gold before the budding author's eyes and cry: "Write; write; write." Human nature is weak; the man stops thinking and devotes his whole energy to writing. Verily, we throttle our geniuses in their childhood.

If this latter explanation be the true one, and it seems plausible, wherein lies the value of current criticism? There is a great deal of criticism, and why does it allow the modern novelist or general writer to foist weak "stuff" upon the public? In the first place, the critic cannot reach the public. The publisher advertises to the public and makes it listen: the publisher gives only the rosy side, and is the only guide which the average reader has. The critic speaks in literary papers, and the higher-class periodicals. The average reader never sees these criticisms. Only those, of whom these six men mentioned are representatives, who thoroughly analyze the books they read, consult these criticisms. The critic has some influence then, but it is limited to a small part of the great body of book-buyers.

But the critic is still further limited. He writes for literary papers whose existence depends on the advertisements of the publishers. He is "cabin'd cribb'd, confin'd." He cannot always speak his mind. Were he to condemn everything that a publisher issues, what would be the benefit to the publishers of an advertisement in the journal in which the criticisms appear? The critic may be capable and he may be honest, but he must make a living. Further, he must be a man of great strength of mind and extraordinary steadfastness of purpose, who will stand up and say of ninety per cent. of the modern pieces of general literature that they are crude, hasty and amateurish. Even if he did say this, there would be many who would doubt.

Further, the critics seem to have formed cliques. In New York there is a certain circle, to get into which means success, so far as the critics can assure it. The same is true of London, if all the independent evidence offered may be relied upon.

The conditions surrounding modern criticism are, therefore, prejudicial to the fullest and freest discussion for three reasons (to sum up): first, be-

cause the critic cannot reach but a small part of the public; secondly, because he is at the mercy of powerful printing and publishing interests; and thirdly, because he himself is not always thoroughly reliable.

But to return to the main point under consideration, it may safely be said that in spite of the verdict of the six aforesaid gentlemen, in spite of the selfishness and cupidity of the publisher, and in spite of the human weaknesses of the author and the critic, the average current book is of considerable value and the discriminating reader is not wholly wasting his time. The novels of Parker and Roberts have stimulated many Canadians to read Canadian history, and to observe and study the curiosities of our civilization. Barr's stories have amused and pleased a great many persons, and that is something in these worrying days. So it may be said of the other modern writers, that each has done some small part in elevating the Anglo-Saxon race. A person may read new books and be benefited if, as has been intimated, he selects his authors with some discrimination.

If, as some authorities claim, all pure literature is the revelation of a personality, we must go on reading what modern litterateurs produce if we wish to appreciate their respective personal qualities. If we had read Archibald Lampman's poetry anonymously we should have had much less pleasure than was afforded us by reading it bit by bit over his name. In the latter case, what we had previously read, what we already knew of the man, his environment and his aims, helped us to understand his work. A knowledge of his personality added something to what we saw on the printed page, gave more strength to his imagery, and shed a stronger light on the thoughts which were so magnificently expressed. In the introduction of his book on Shelley, Professor Alexander points out that "to an even greater degree than usual, some knowledge of the man is neces-

sary for the understanding of his writings."

But Matthew Arnold cuts deeper than this in his analysis. He admits that Shakespeare's greatness was due to his personality. Then he goes farther, and declares that Shakespeare "lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power," and that the society in which he moved was "permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive." Environment, in its broadest sense, must certainly have much influence upon the men who write, and by a study of the writings of the moderns we learn something of the age in which we live. Surely, here is justification.

Current literature puts down in black and white the manners and customs of to-day, and holds up the mirror to ourselves. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray studied the generations that have just gone; new writers have arisen to perform a similar duty for the present generations; there will be other novelists for future generations. If it be admitted that Scott and Dickens and Thackeray were right in describing the life of their day, it must also be admitted that it is proper to have modern authors describing the life of our day. Gilbert Parker, William Kirby and William McLennan have brought out many of the striking qualities of the romance which Parkman had previously shown to be embodied in the early days of French Canada. Similarly Charles G. D. Roberts followed Longfellow, and, choosing prose as his medium, has shown us the "glory and gleam" of the romantic days of the French occupation of Acadia. Gilbert Parker also caught and embodied the characteristics of the early days in north-western Canada; he is being followed by W. A. Fraser, Bleasdel Cameron and others. It is said that Robert Barr's next story will picture an early period in the history of Ontario, as his first novel pictured the days that were filled with the fears of a Fenian inva-

sion. Dr. Drummond has mirrored in verse the simple tastes and habits of the French Canadian habitant, and a writer may yet arise who will find something worthy of record in the modern life of English Canada.

The United States people would not so thoroughly appreciate and understand themselves were it not that they had J. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Dean Howells and the numerous other writers who have dealt with the varying phases of their three hundred years of development.

The histories, biographies and books of travel which are being produced to-day could not have been written a hundred years ago. The world has been enlarged by the steam-driven ocean-carriage, and we are learning the full extent of the world's complex population. New lands and new peoples have been revealed, and all these additions to our knowledge are making for a broader basis upon which to erect our thought and action.

The modern book is as much a necessity to the modern man as the book of the eighteenth century was to the man who lived then. The modern has this advantage: he possesses the accumulated books of the centuries in addition to the works of his contemporaries.

The variety of tastes demands a variety of books. The cultured student of English may prefer the graceful ease and perfect style of Stevenson to the "sermonic application of incident" which has gained so many readers for Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The youths of the present generation were fed on W. H. G. Kingston, G. A. Henty; the girls started with "Pansy" and Annie S. Swan; but as men and women, these same persons demand something better, higher, more artistic. Whether they ever reach the height where they demand the purely artistic representation, free from all moral analysis or

discussion, depends to a great extent on the thoroughness of their literary education. But every reader of books passes from class to class and at each step finds interest in a different kind of book. This variety in men and women demands a variety in books, which the publisher of to-day supplies—with perhaps a little unnecessary prodigality.

With these thoughts in mind, even current Canadian books of the better

grades must have an additional value. First, they please and refine by their artistic qualities; then they stimulate and interest by their expositions of nature and humanity; and lastly they broaden our view of Canada and of Canadian civilization by describing to us the Canadians who are and who have been. And he will be the greatest Canadian who recognizes most thoroughly the developing genius of the Canadian people.

John A. Cooper.

THE COMMISSION'S WORK—COUNTER INFLUENCES.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE work assigned by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States to the Anglo-American Joint High Commission is one of great magnitude. Several of the questions referred to this diplomatic body would singly have furnished subjects of consideration for weeks, or indeed, for months, judged by the progress usually made in diplomatic affairs. Nearly all of the questions are of great international consequence. Enumerated in the order of their importance, they are: the question of Trade Relations, the Alaskan Boundary, the North-eastern Fisheries question, the Pelagic Sealing question, the Bonding Privilege, the Transit Privilege, Reciprocity in Mining Rights, Building of War Vessels upon the Great Lakes, Alien Labour Law, and the Regulations of the Inland Fisheries.

That the Commission should be expected to settle all these questions in the course of a few weeks is unreasonable; and that careful, painstaking, and even devoted attention to their labours has been given by all the members of this diplomatic body need not be doubted. The devotion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues to the promotion and conserving of the interests of Canada is asserted without the slightest hesitation, and it may be said with

equal assurance that up to the present moment no mistake has been made in the management of the negotiations by the British Commissioners.

It is unfortunate that an agreement could not have been reached upon the Alaskan Boundary question. It is only necessary to say in reference to the matter that the fault does not lie with the British Commissioners. It is perhaps not visionary to expect that an impartial Court of Arbitration will give an award even more favourable to Canadian interests than a settlement upon the terms the British Commissioners were prepared to accept would have been.

It does not follow from this failure to agree to terms of settlement upon one of the points of reference, that a treaty in the main satisfactory will not be finally negotiated. The public are not in a position to criticize the acts of the Commission, the nature of its conferences, or the line of arguments adopted by the British Commissioners, for the simple reason that the information is not available upon which an intelligent opinion relating to these matters can be founded.

The adjournment of the Commission to meet in August next, was beyond question a prudent and advisable act. At the time the adjournment was de-

cided upon, but a few days would elapse before the adjournment of the United States Senate on March 4th. No possibility of securing a treaty in time for reference to that body, existed. Its next meeting would take place, unless an extra Session of Congress was called, in December, 1899. A pressing necessity existed for calling the Dominion Parliament together. The lapse of time had been working in favour of the Canadian contentions, and it was reasonable to believe would continue to do so. The re-assembling of the Commission will take place at a period when ample time will be afforded for reaching a decision upon all questions before the meeting of Congress or of Parliament, for it must be remembered that these questions have all been fully discussed, and it will be no breach of confidence to assert that upon many of them tentative agreements have been arrived at, the fulfilment of which is contingent, of course, upon the satisfactory settlement of all the questions that the Commission has to pass upon.

Under all these circumstances, the attitude of certain classes and parties in Canada in reference to the work of the Commission is not only unreasonable, but mischievous. A Jingo sentiment seems to be rampant in certain quarters, which is diametrically opposed in spirit and act to the sentiment of cordiality and good-will each for the other which prevails in the United States and Great Britain. The parties entertaining these sentiments do not seem to realize the resistless march of events that lead, under the direction of a higher hand, to Anglo-Saxon entity and community of action. While weighty events are transpiring, and a great epoch of the world's history is evolving its mighty results under our very eyes, these agitators and growlers are oblivious to all that stands outside of their own limited range of selfish interests and circumscribed vision.

One who wishes well for the future of the world, and who appreciates the importance of the mission of the English-speaking race, cannot but be pain-

ed at widely-uttered expressions of satisfaction that the Commission has adjourned without making a treaty, and the avowal of hopes that no treaty will ever be made. These expressions often come from men who ought to know better, and who might be supposed to possess intelligence and capability that would lead to a more reasonable and creditable expression of opinion and desire.

The existence of this sentiment, so far as it is a factor exercising influence upon the case, is mischievous and prejudicial to the interests of the work which all friends of humanity most certainly desire that the Joint High Commission should satisfactorily accomplish. If the influence of this sentiment had been confined merely to expressions of opinion, it might have been passed over as not of sufficient importance to require notice, but it has manifested its character and purpose in concrete acts. It is the parent of the embarrassing alien labour law of British Columbia, and of the unjust and ill-advised log export embargo law of the Province of the Ontario; and it is constantly agitating for legislative action of a character that will certainly imperil friendly relations and create disagreeable and dangerous complications.

The prohibition of the export of a merchantable commodity, whether raw material or manufactured article, is scarcely in accordance with the friendly comity that should exist between civilized states, except the act is adopted in relation to articles that are declared to be contraband of war; but this Jingo element in the Dominion has secured the passage of the two laws alluded to, one being practically a prohibition of export, the other an application of an unfriendly policy with which the Commission is dealing, and the adjustment of which is a subject of negotiation whose successful issue is made more difficult by this action. This element further demands the prohibition of the export of pulp wood, an export duty upon nickel ore, and an export duty upon lead ores, and would be guilty of any conceivable fiscal vagary that in

the estimation of its leaders would be likely to coerce the United States or injure rival interests.

The Ontario log export embargo law is calculated to prove a very serious obstacle to the adjustment on a satisfactory basis of the lumber duty question. The law arouses much indignation in the United States. It is considered practically an act of confiscation as to sales made prior to its enactment, and where its provisions were not made a condition of sale. It is severely condemned by the United States Commissioners, and its natural influence upon negotiations can not fail to be to render the party from whom concessions are asked reluctant to give them because of irritation and of fear that the concessions might be attributed to the pressure of this absurd law. It has also unfortunately inflicted a serious blow upon Canadian interests, and has, in the estimation of United States investors, sullied the business and political reputation of Canada.

As a consequence of this law millions of dollars of American capital have been deterred from investment in Canadian business enterprises, such as mining and lumbering. The parties who otherwise would have been disposed to make such investment were nervous lest legislation of a corresponding character should, after their investments were made, render them incapable of making use without restraint of the products of the investments in such a manner as their interests required and legitimate business consideration rendered necessary. Nelson Dingley publicly stated at the time of the last meeting of the Joint High Commission in Quebec that to his personal knowledge up to that time ten million dollars of American capital had been diverted from proposed investments in Canada in consequence of the Ontario log export embargo law.

An examination into the circumstances preceding the enactment of this law, which was an act practically forced upon the Ontario Government by the clamour of selfish interests, backed by a sentimental, popular de-

mand not founded upon proper knowledge of the situation or just appreciation of the character of the measure, will be sufficient to convince the candid mind that it is wrong. The United States mill owners in Michigan, having exhausted the available supply of timber in that State, found upon their hands idle mills and salt blocks, which of course they were anxious to keep in operation. For the purpose of doing so, large purchases of timber were made in Ontario, situated at points where it could be conveyed to these mills in rafts. These investments were made at the invitation of the Ontario Government, by whom notices of sale and descriptions of limits offered were sent to United States lumber firms. They were made with the full knowledge of the Ontario Government that the purposes of the purchasers were to take the logs to their mills. The prices paid for these limits for this purpose were very large, the business of exporting the logs was permitted to continue for a term of years, lasting from the time of purchase till 1898 without hindrance on the part of the Ontario Government. The right to export these logs had been recognized by the Ontario Government in one of its public sales of a comparatively recent date. When the first limit offered was put up, subject to the condition of manufacture in Ontario, bidding was languid and unsatisfactory prices were received; and in consequence that condition was removed in subsequent sales; and then, in the case of the limit sold subject to the condition of manufacture in Ontario, the condition was removed for a comparatively insignificant consideration. The right to make the sweeping changes embodied in the law under consideration, practically amounting to confiscation, were assumed to be warranted by the power reserved by the Government to make regulations when issuing licenses. The power thus reserved unquestionably referred to such matters as fire protection, reservation of timber below a certain minimum size, ground rent, Crown dues, and other matters directly per-

taining to proper care of the Government's interest in stumpage. It is absurd to suppose that it was ever contemplated that the power to regulate the management of Crown timber limits could be held to permit the Government to practically confiscate the interest of the holder as an incident of management, or to prevent the purchaser from making use of a limit after he had paid for it, according to the ordinary methods of business, and for his own advantage.

The exportation of logs has been one of the most profitable branches of Canadian lumbering, and the Algoma district, where this business has centred, has been the most prosperous section of the lumbering areas of Canada. Many Canadian firms have engaged in this business because it offered to them the chance to make a more profitable disposition of their timber than could be secured in any other way. Among these Canadian firms may be mentioned Mr. John Bertram, representing the Collins Bay Inlet Company; Hale & Booth, of Ottawa; A. Barnett & Son, Carswell & Francis, Cutler & Savage, Gordon & Company, the Muskoka Lumber Company, the Ontario Lumber Company, the Conger Lumber Company, and other firms who have either exported logs direct or have sold them for the purpose of exportation.

The belief that the Ontario log export embargo law is a weapon which will tend to the securing of concessions in the matter of abatement or removal of lumber duties is ridiculous. Its consequences fall upon that class of United States lumbermen who have investments in Canadian limits, who are our friends, who have worked earnestly and intelligently for a reduction of lumber duties in the United States to the full extent that in their judgment it was possible to obtain, who have spent large sums of money in behalf of this purpose when the Dingley Bill was under consideration, and whose efforts during the progress of negotiations in the Joint High Commission were more fruitful of results and of more value to

the Canadian lumber interest than any other influence that was brought to bear. These men are subjected to the provisions of this law and the serious loss consequent upon their enforcement, under the senseless belief that their losses will influence the great mass of United States lumbermen who desire high duties and the exclusion of lumber either in the form of saw logs or boards from the American market, to grant an abatement or an abolition of duty. The truth is that the purposes of ninety-seven per cent. of the United States lumbermen who desire the retention of a \$2.00 duty are well served by this law which plays into their hands and serves their interests, while the three per cent. of American lumbermen who are interested in Canadian log exportation and who desire to see all restrictions upon lumber importations removed have, in conjunction with the Canadian firms interested in this trade, to suffer all the penal consequences that the law inflicts.

If it is conceded that the promoters of this law are men of intelligence, who can correctly gauge its influence and understand the character of its operation, their action in the premises can with difficulty be accounted for. Possibly it is like some of the stock-jobbing operations on the stock exchange. They may be bears in the pine timber markets, desiring to purchase limits at low figures and exerting their influence to secure and retain legislation calculated to produce disaster among lumbermen, for the purpose of being able to buy timber limits cheap. If this is not the case, their efforts are sadly misapplied and their calculations wildly astray.

Better relations between Canada and the United States it is needless to say are most desirable. In the United States a better state of feeling exists towards Canada than at any time since 1866, and a disposition exists to make the commercial relations between the two countries broader and more liberal. This disposition will grow if permitted to do so. The concessions that may now be secured will prove to be enter-

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS VISIT TO CANADA, AND OTHER EVENTS IN HIS CAREER.

WAS it merely accidental, or was it done designedly? Such is the question that often presents itself to the mind of the observer of passing events, when it is seen how closely the early official career of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was interwoven with the history of Canada. Was this little more than an accidental circumstance, an incident or series of incidents in the education of the Prince, or was it done designedly with the intention and in the hope of drawing the then little known colonies of British North America into closer touch with the mother country?

These questions are not quite so easily answered as might be supposed. There was undoubtedly a wish to please the colonists of British North America when the Queen with the concurrence of the Ministry of the day decided that the first royal progress made by the Prince of Wales should be through Canada.

That fact can clearly be taken for granted, that and no more.

It is mere idle talk, the mere imaginings of a fertile imagination, to say that the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada was, in Her Majesty's mind, intended as a feeler in the direction of the policy which we now know as Imperial Federation. Some one or two writers of more notoriety than solidity have started this theory, though it has generally been admitted by them when putting forward the idea that there is little or no evidence beyond that of inference to support it. That such a view was clearly not that of the British public is plainly evidenced by the following extract from a letter written by the special correspondent of *The Times* newspaper, who accompanied the Prince on his North American journey. He had been speaking of how little was known of Canada in England, and he thus concludes:

"The time, however, is fast approaching when the wealth, magnitude and importance

of the British possessions in North America will force their notice on England and its people, who will then learn with as much pleasure as surprise that their colony, known only under the general name of Canada, is an Empire of the west inferior only to the United States."

It is necessary now to retrace our steps slightly and revert to the period when the Prince of Wales made his debut in public life, that debut being connected directly with Canada and with the regiment of infantry raised by the Imperial Government on Canadian soil.

The Prince of Wales was in 1858, when he had little more than completed his seventeenth year, gazetted a colonel in the British army, and his first act as one of the commissioned officers of his Royal mother's forces was to present colours to the Hundredth or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment. The presentation of the colours took place at Shorncliffe camp early in the year 1859, and from then until the middle of the following year there was nothing in the public life of the Prince of Wales especially connected either with Canada or Canadians.

I was in the Isle of Wight in July, 1860, spending a portion of the summer at East Cowes, at no great distance from Osborne House, Her Majesty's marine residence. Whilst there, I think it was about July 9, I saw the Prince of Wales for the first time. He was then driving from Osborne House to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, en route to Plymouth, where he was to embark for Canada. I was with a party of friends, and we raised our hats to him and called out as he went on board the tender that we wished him a speedy journey across the Atlantic and a pleasant visit in Canada. He raised his hat in reply, while we joined in the cheering that arose when the vessel steamed out into the Solent.

The Prince's journey across the Atlantic was, so the newspaper correspondents inform us, almost devoid of incident. He was was not troubled

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with *mal de mer*, and he appears to have been most popular. A private letter of the time speaking of him says: "His grace, affability and kind good nature won the hearts of all."

Let us now have the pleasure of glancing briefly at the Prince of Wales' royal progress through Canada. It is hard to believe that it is more than thirty-eight years since he left our shores, and that by far the greater number of those who welcomed him here on his arrival have passed away to swell the ranks of the great and silent majority.

The Prince arrived at Newfoundland on July 23. He had sailed from Plymouth on July 10, consequently had taken nearly a fortnight to cross the Atlantic. His reception at Newfoundland was cordial and loyal in the extreme, all classes uniting in giving H. R. H. the most hearty welcome. Among other mementos of his visit to Newfoundland

which he took away with him was a magnificent specimen of the dogs for which it is so justly famous. This dog caused not only a considerable amount of amusement, but was a great deal of anxiety to the Prince of Wales and to those whose duty it was to take care of his property. The dog had been called Hero, and so long as the Prince of Wales remained on board the troopship which had brought him from England constant watchfulness had to be used to prevent Hero going overboard for a swim with or without provocation. Even if Hero was allowed to take exercise between decks, an open porthole giving him a glimpse of the river was quite sufficient to make him jump through it into what appeared to



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From a Recent Photograph by Hills & Saunders, of Oxford.

be almost his natural element. At last it was found that Hero must be permanently tied up, or a boat fully manned must always be kept in readiness to go after him when he chose to resort to the water. The former alternative was chosen.

After leaving Newfoundland the Prince visited Halifax, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, the Saguenay, and then Quebec. The latter historic city was then the capital of the United Canadas, and during his visit there the Prince knighted the Speakers of both the Legislative Council and Assembly. I shall again quote in this connection the testimony of *The Times* correspondent as to the feeling evoked in Canada by the visit

of the Prince of Wales. He says: "To my astonishment I find that the whole land from Halifax to Lake Huron resounded only with preparations for the approaching royal visit. It was difficult to find a paper which was not full of acrostics on the name of Albert Edward, verses in his praise, anecdotes of his childhood, and predictions of a future career which should equal that of his Royal mother, whose name, it must be said, was never mentioned in Canada or the United States but in such terms of reverence as every Englishman feels glad and proud to hear. It was Prince's hats, Prince's boots, Prince's umbrellas, Prince's coats, Prince's cigars, and the whole country nodded with Prince's coronets and feathers."

H.R.H. arrived in Quebec about the middle of August, and was received there on "a lavish scale of splendour and hospitality, and distinguished by such boundless enthusiasm of loyalty." Among the festivities in Quebec in honour of the Prince was a grand ball, the dance programme of which contained twenty-four dances, and of these the Prince joined in no less than twenty-two. An amusing incident happened to him and his partner during the festivities. Horrible to relate the Prince fell, and with him his fair partner! The Canadian papers ignored the incident; not so, though, one at least of those in New York. That journal related what had occurred in the most exaggerated language, and not only did it do that, but the account was headed with the following astounding head lines:

The Canadian Commotion.
 Splendid Splurge of the Quebecers.
 The Prince at the Grand Ball given by
 the City.
 He danced twenty-two times, tripped
 and fell.
 His beautiful partner rolled over him.
 Honi soit qui mal y pense.
 The Prince immediately picked himself
 and partner up.
 And continued the dance.
 Terrible flutter of crinoline.

From Quebec the Prince proceeded to Montreal where he drove the last rivet, a silver one, of the Victoria bridge, thus completing that wonderful triumph of engineering skill. At Montreal as at Halifax and Quebec the Prince was received with the greatest hospitality and enthusiasm, which was continued throughout the whole of his Canadian tour at every place he visited.

The Prince arrived in Toronto by the steamer Kingston early in September, and the only thing which marred his visit to the Queen City was the continual downpour of rain during the time he was there. After leaving Montreal, the Prince before reaching Toronto had visited Ottawa, and there laid the foundation stone of the present Parliament Buildings. Whilst in Toronto he opened the Horticultural Gardens, planted trees, was present at a ball given in the old Crystal Palace which stood on the Garrison Commons between the Provincial Lunatic Asylum and the lake, attended the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's regatta, received deputations from Trinity and Toronto Universities, from Upper Canada College, and the Veterans of the war of 1812, reviewed the Militia, and held a levee, besides receiving addresses from deputations all but innumerable. After leaving Toronto the Prince visited Hamilton, the Ambitious City, and London, the Forest City. The *Times* correspondent describes the latter place thus: "This colonial backwoods parody of the great metropolis."

However, whether it was a backwoods settlement or not, the Londoners gave H.R.H. a magnificent reception, convincing him that even if they were in the backwoods they were as loyal subjects as those who frequented "the shady side of Pall Mall." It is amusing to note what the *Times* correspondent, and this is the last time I shall quote him, had to say about London. No doubt there is some truth in the satire, but it is one of those things which, as *Punch* would say, "might have been expressed differently." The quotation is this: "In London a real Londoner might safely intimate that

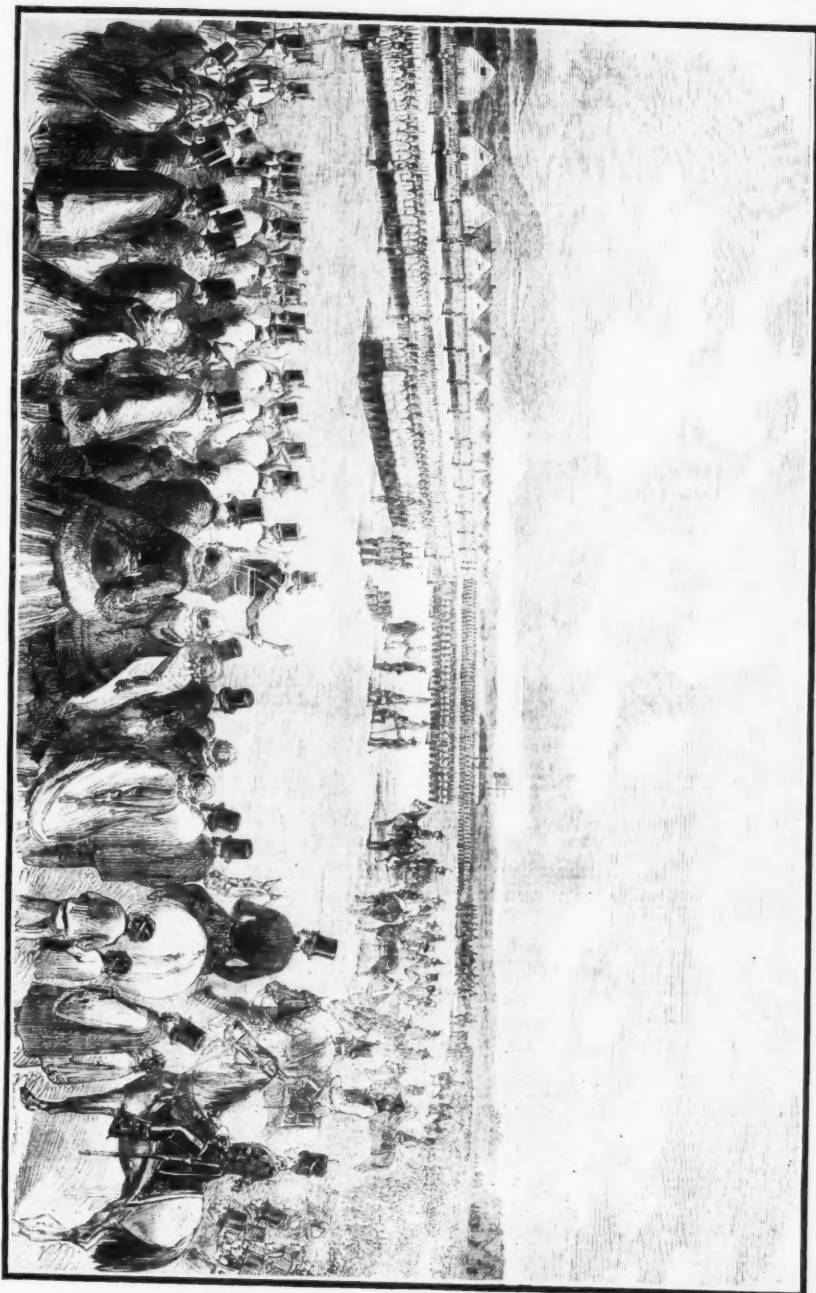
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

21

Presenting Colours to the Household or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment at St. Catharines, Ont.

FIRST PUBLIC ACT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(From an old Print in the Illustrated London News.)



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THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE QUEEN.

Photograph Taken on the Wedding Day of the Former, the 10th of March, 1863. The Ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

the city does not much remind him of that which he has left behind, though woe betide any Lower Canadian or American who should do the same, or draw any comparison disparaging to the London of Canada West."

Whilst at Niagara the Prince of Wales laid the coping stone of Brock's monument, which had been inaugurated with great ceremony by General Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, who was a native of Halifax, on October 13th previously.

The Prince, after leaving Canada, proceeded to Detroit, being accompanied to the frontier by Mr., afterwards Sir, John A. Macdonald.

It is not necessary to follow him in his travels throughout the United States; it is sufficient to state that everywhere was the greatest hospitality and courtesy extended to him; indeed, had the people of many of the places he visited been British subjects, their welcome could not have been heartier.

The Prince of Wales came of age in November, 1862, the event, owing to the then recent death of the Prince Consort, being allowed to pass without any great amount of public rejoicings either in Great Britain or elsewhere. About the same time that H.R.H. attained his majority his betrothal to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark was announced, which news was received with the most unbounded satisfaction by all classes, by all sorts and conditions of men throughout the British Empire.

The Princess arrived in England on March 7th, 1863, and made a triumphal progress from the Bricklayers' Arms railway station, on the "Surrey side the river," through the metropolis to Paddington station. The scene at the Mansion House, where the Princess was welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London, was one that still lingers in the memory of all those who witnessed it. In whatever direction one looked there was one vast mass of people and upturned faces. Here were the scarlet-

coated troopers of the Life Guards with their cuirasses sparkling and glimmering in the light, sitting their splendid chargers as if they and their steeds were one, and in as perfect command of themselves, as they preceded and followed the Royal carriages, despite the enormous crowds pressing on all sides, as if they were only on the Horse Guards parade ground. Then there were the men of the Brigade of Foot Guards, also in scarlet, with their towering bear-skin headdresses, some of them wearing medals for their gallant deeds in the Crimea, and with memories also of a day but six years previously when they, too, on their return from the Eastern campaign, were welcomed back to London by crowds whose enthusiasm was almost as great as that then displayed towards the "Sea King's Daughter." Then there were the sombre uniforms of the men of the 60th Royal Rifles, the light grey tunics and feathered shakos of the London Scottish Volunteers, the blue and gold of the Royal Artillery and the dear old familiar red-coated infantry of the line.

The troops, as became them, were silent, but the voice of welcome which went up from the people was a roar rather than a shout. It has been computed that nearly one and a-half millions of people were on the route of the Royal procession from the railway station where the Princess arrived in London, in company with the Prince of Wales, who had met her at Gravesend, to Paddington, where she and her affianced husband departed for Windsor.

The Princess' entry into London was on Saturday, March 7th, 1863, and the marriage ceremony took place at Windsor, in the gorgeous and historic chapel of St. George, on the following Tuesday, March 10th.



THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS, AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

Photograph in 1864, by Vernon Heath.

It may be appropriately mentioned here that the Prince of Wales had, on February 5th, 1863, but little more than a month previous to his marriage, taken his seat at the opening of Parliament in the House of Peers, the titles under which he was sworn in being Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Earl of Rothsay and Lord of the Isles. It was a singular and unprecedented occurrence, that of a Prince of Wales taking his seat as a peer of the realm in the hereditary branch of the Legislature at the same time that the speech from the throne announced his approaching marriage to a foreign princess.

To return to the marriage. After the ceremony was over and the Royal couple had taken leave of Her Majesty the Queen and the parents of the bride, the King and Queen of Denmark, they

proceeded by train through the historic town of Basingstoke with its ruined castle, and the still more historic city of Winchester, once the capital of England, famous for the cathedral wherein reposes all that is mortal of William Rufus, the second of England's Norman kings, to the pretty seaport of Southampton, where, on the Royal yacht *Fairy*, they embarked for Trinity Pier, East Cowes.

As it had been my lot to witness the embarkation from the same place some two and a half years previously of the Prince of Wales for Canada, so was it mine to see him arrive there on the evening of March 10th with his bride. What a welcome he received! It was a genuine, hearty, loyal greeting. Triumphal arches were there in the streets through which the newly-wedded couple passed, the houses were garlanded with wreaths and ornamented with flowers, transparencies with the words "Welcome" and "God bless you" were everywhere; but these were a mere nothing to the heartiness of the cheering, to the outspoken enthusiasm displayed by one and all, to the love felt for and so unequivocally accorded by the people to, the eldest son of that Queen who was not only their neighbour but their friend, and whom they delighted to honour in the person of her son.

It was a wet, drizzling evening, but in the half mile or so between Trinity Pier and Osborne House the windows of the Royal carriage were never once raised, both Prince and Princess smiling and bowing an acknowledgment of their welcome along the entire route.

Eight years and more passed by, and once again was the heart of Britain and her Dependencies moved by the illness almost unto death of the Prince of Wales. It was in December, 1871, and the Prince lay at Sandringham prostrate with fever, hovering between life and death. Never has England witnessed such a feeling of heartfelt loyalty, of devoted sympathy to and with the Royal family as was then seen. The condition of the Prince was chronicled hour by hour, and on the

Sunday when the disease was at the worst, and people dreaded that every moment would bring the news of his death, such crowds assembled in the churches and places of worship to join in fervent prayer to God for his recovery as had never previously been witnessed. Nor were these prayers confined to Christian churches and congregations nor to any particular denomination. The Anglican minister, the Roman Catholic priest—the clergy and lay preachers of every sect united with their people in asking the Almighty to spare his life while from distant India came the news that in the Parsee, Buddhist and Brahmin temples the mercy of the "Great Unseen" was sought for by these Asiatics on behalf of the life of that Prince who might one day be their ruler.

By God's mercy the Prince recovered and the scene when he, early in 1872, went to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for that all but miraculous restoration to health, was as solemn as it was impressive and imposing.

In the long years that have elapsed since the Prince of Wales visited Canada, to quote an historic phrase, "many things have happened since then." This sentence was uttered by a well-known politician in England to excuse his tergiversation on an important point of policy; but, though many things have happened, one of those which have not happened is any decrease in interest by the Prince of Wales in Canada. His sons have visited the Dominion; his sister, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, lived here as the consort of one of the most accomplished of our Governors-General; and Canadian statesmen and public men of all political parties, or of no political party, have always been received by H.R.H., either officially at Marlborough House or privately at Sandringham, with the greatest kindness, honoured not only as representatives of "England's greatest colony," but as residents of that land where the Prince made his first royal visit, where he was so loyally welcomed, which fact he remembers, as he is always careful

to state, with feelings of unmixed pleasure and gratitude, and where his royal grandfather had sojourned, now just one hundred years ago.

The Prince gave a most convincing proof of the interest he takes in Canada by the reception he gave to the Canadian delegates at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, held in Kensington in 1886, again at the Jubilee of 1887, and yet again in the Silver Jubilee of 1897.

A few words may be said as to the position the Prince takes in the political world. Unlike some of his great uncles, the sons of George III., the Prince has never, in the forty years which have elapsed since he entered public life, uttered one single word in favour of, or identified himself in any way with, any of the various political parties. Though he is well known to be capable of forming an opinion on public questions, and though he is generally believed to take a keen interest in political controversy, his mind to everyone on such matters is as impenetrable as the Sphinx.

His relations with Lord Palmerston were as cordial as those with Lord Derby. He was equally the friend of Earls Russell and Beaconsfield. His friendship for Mr. Gladstone is well known, and he has been a visitor at Hatfield and Dalmeny, the seats of Lords Salisbury and Rosebery respectively. He has entertained, and does entertain, men whose opinions are as divergent as the poles; among such may be named the Archbishop of Can-

terbury and Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. A. J. Mundella, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, besides many others that might be mentioned, notably Joseph Arch, the famous agricultural labourers' advocate.

Truly has the Prince of Wales "a goodly heritage," and it is the earnest, heartfelt prayer of all those over whom he may be one day called to reign that he may fulfil the promise of his youth and manhood, and that the reign of Edward VII. will add one more bright and glorious page to the annals of the Empire.

Thos. E. Champion.

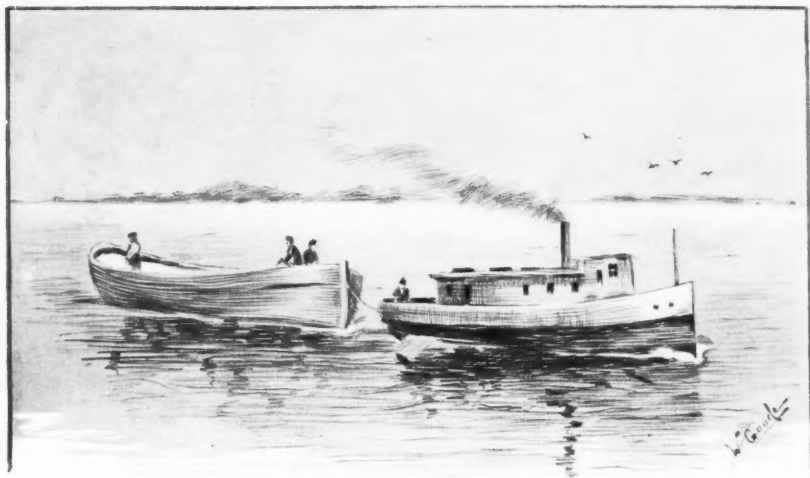


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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Photographed at Buckingham Palace in 1897, by Gunn & Stuart, London.





ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

A TRIP INTO THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

BY SAMUEL BRAY, C.E., D. and O.L.S.

With Drawings by W. Goode, from Sketches by the Author.

IN the autumn of 1894 I was sent under instructions from the Department of Indian Affairs to arrange some land matters and to survey the limits of certain lands to be set apart as Indian Reserves at points on the Saskatchewan River, Moose Lake and the Carrot River. At West Selkirk I engaged an assistant; this young gentleman was the only white man I had with me. At each Indian settlement I engaged as many Indians or Half-breeds as were required for the work and paid all of them off at its conclusion, except three or four who were engaged as cook and canoe-men to take us on to the next Indian settlement.

West Selkirk, a terminus of a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is a prosperous town, situated on the west bank of the Red River and about sixteen miles from its mouth. A number of fishing companies, who carry on their operations on a large scale in

Lake Winnipeg, have their headquarters here. They are well equipped with steam-tugs, barges and fishing boats, and have large establishments at different points on the lake, where the fish are frozen and then shipped to West Selkirk in barges properly arranged for the purpose. From West Selkirk the fish are forwarded to different points, principally in the United States.

I arrived at West Selkirk after the fishing boats had ceased to make their usual trips. However, after some delay we secured a passage to Grand Rapids with the fishing tug *Idell*, which left West Selkirk on the 21st August, having in tow an almost empty barge. The *Idell* was a small boat literally filled with wood to supply its own engine. As we would have very little space to move about in and would have to suffer considerable annoyance from smoke and heat on the tug, we decided to take up our quarters for the

trip on the barge, although we then had to prepare our own meals and to make shake-downs for ourselves by way of beds. We had for fellow-passengers the Indian Agent in charge of the "Pas" Agency, and the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, in charge of the Post at Chimawawin on Cedar Lake. The clear, bracing air, and abundance of room on the barge made the trip up the lake very enjoyable.

We arrived at Grand Rapids on the 24th and pitched our camp at the Hudson's Bay Company's post on the north bank of the river. Grand Rapids is well named. There the great Saskatchewan River, after rushing down a veritable "grand rapids," enters Lake Winnipeg. The river for the last

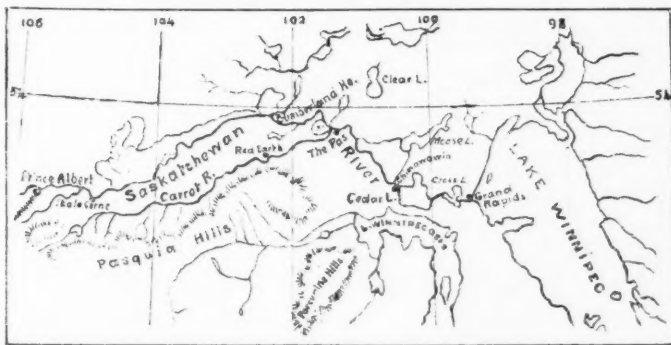
ten miles of its course is a succession of rapids, but the term "grand rapids" is applied to only the last four miles. This stretch is very much worse than the six miles above, but

even it can be easily run in a boat or canoe. The ascent is very difficult, however. The Hudson's Bay Company's large York boats were formerly tracked up, and two steam-boats were some years ago, after three weeks' hard work, pulled up these four miles of rapids.

Prior to the advent of a railway to Prince Albert, steamboats plied up and down the Saskatchewan for two or three seasons, from Edmonton to the head of the rapids, a distance by the river of nearly one thousand miles. Now only one steamer makes an annual trip with supplies for the different Hudson's Bay Company's posts. The lake steamboats used to land their pas-

sengers and freight at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at the foot of the rapids, and a tramway, three and a half miles long, conveyed them to the steamboat landing above the rapids. This traffic has been stopped for several years and consequently the very fair buildings above the rapids are not used at all, and those below only occasionally. Already they are showing signs of neglect and decay.

On the evening of my arrival, after the usual pow-wow with the Chief and Councillors of the Grand Rapids Indian Reserve, I arranged to proceed the next day with the survey required at that point. Our first day's work was confined almost wholly to a "muskeg." We have very extensive tracts



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TRIP TAKEN BY MR. BRAY.

of land in Canada covered with "muskeg." A muskeg may be described as a moss or peat swamp, sometimes bare of trees, but usually covered with scattered, small tamaracs or spruce. The moss or peat varies in depth from two feet to considerably over one hundred feet. In the spring the muskegs are full of water which, throughout the summer, slowly dries or drains off. In the fall some of them are fairly dry, but usually they remain damp and wet. On account of the softness and depth of the wet moss of this particular muskeg, we sank from six to eighteen inches at every step, and as I had not been out of an office for a long time, there was one very tired man in camp

that evening. Great interest is beginning to be taken in muskegs generally on account of the apparent success of experiments made to compress the peat into a hard and valuable fuel. For many years the dried peat has been extensively used in Europe for disinfecting purposes, for littering horses, etc. Indian women use the pure moss daily, after drying it well, to swaddle their babies in, and it is reported that it answers this purpose to perfection.

On the 3rd September we left Grand Rapids. Two boats or skiffs with our camp outfit and some provisions were taken over the tramway to the landing above the rapids where they were launched. The ascent of the six miles of rapids was very laborious. Our boatmen, who knew the river well, took advantage of every eddy and every piece of slack water; but long stretches could only be ascended by towing, or tracking as it is locally termed. One of the Indians walked along the shore towing the boat by means of a long line attached to it, while another sat in the boat and carefully steered it to avoid rocks and shoals.

The next day we were windbound at Cross Lake. With good boats we might, with great labour, have made some headway, but we were afraid to venture on the lake during the high wind with the ones we had. On the 7th we met the canoe supplied by the Government for the use of the Indian Agent at the "Pas," who had sent it down for my use; the two boats we had were therefore sent back to Grand Rapids. The change to the canoe was a welcome one. It was very large, sailed well, and was safe even in a stiff breeze.

All the shooting we had up to this date amounted to about two dozen partridges. I tried to get a shot at a pelican, of which there are always a number at some point in the Grand Rapids, but did not succeed. On nearing Chimawawin, at the head of Cedar Lake, ducks began to be plentiful, and I shot several while sitting in the canoe.

The approach to Chimawawin is by one of the many channels which form

the delta of the Saskatchewan. These channels are closely flanked with tall reeds. Here are met the first indications of the manner in which thousands of square miles of land in the Saskatchewan district have been formed. The mud and debris brought down by the river is now being deposited in and is slowly but surely filling up Cedar Lake; at the same time the continuous scouring of the stream at the outlet of the lake is slowly lowering the level of the water. Thus, year by year lands that were once covered with water slowly become dry.

The flat district, through which the Saskatchewan River splits into channels, and large portions of which at some periods of the year are vast swamps and marshes, extends from Cedar Lake westward for about two hundred miles, and it may roughly be estimated to have an average width of one hundred miles. The rivers and channels throughout the district are fringed with timber, usually small poplar, but in some stretches spruce, tamarac and poplar a foot in diameter are found. Back from this fringe, which averages about five chains in width, the whole country is an open marsh or prairie. The Indians who inhabit this district are well named, with reference to the country they inhabit, the "Swampy Crees." They bear an excellent character. I found them to be earnest, hard-working fellows, always willing to half-kill themselves in their endeavours to please, provided always that they were treated with reasonable consideration. They never lose their tempers, and no amount of work, wet, heat or cold could affect their good nature or stop the laugh and joke around the camp fire.

At Chimawawin there is a school maintained by the Department of Indian Affairs, and an English Church mission. The mission was then in charge of the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, an Indian. While there we attended the services, which were conducted almost entirely in the Cree language. The Bible, the prayer-book and a book of hymns have been translated into Cree.



TRACKING.

The hymns are in Cree and written both in Syllabic characters and phonetically with the English alphabet. A very pleasing and impressive custom of the Indians is that before retiring for the night one of them offers up a prayer; they then all pray together, generally repeating the Lord's Prayer, and conclude with singing a hymn—all in Cree, of course. This happened every evening; and when we were camped far away from any post or Indian settlement this simple evening service in the solitude and stillness was very impressive.

The Indians throughout the district live in small log houses of their own construction. They are usually about twelve feet square, well plastered with clay, and in a few cases whitewashed. A chimney of clay and stones is built, usually in the middle of the side opposite the door. The fireplaces are narrow and high, so that the wood is placed in them standing on end instead of lying flat. A bar of iron is built into the chimney, to which the pots for cooking purposes are hung. The ceilings of these houses are very low, and, in fact, so are nearly all the houses of the Hudson's Bay Company. I had the advantage of my assistant in this matter. As he was six feet four inches high, he could rarely hold his head up

without getting hurt, whereas I, with my scant five feet six, could boldly walk into any house without any fear whatever.

The advance these Indians have made in civilization, and their peaceful and prayerful habits, reflect the greatest credit on the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and on the missionaries who have been among them. I should add, however, that they have not learned that cleanliness is next to godliness, as by far the greater number of them are extremely averse to the frequent use of soap and water. Their improvidence is also deplorable. When they have fish they eat it, not caring whether there is enough for the morrow or not. Much less do they make proper provision for the winter. Similarly when they have moose-meat, geese or ducks they will eat unsparingly, and give freely to neighbours and friends until all is done; consequently in the winter months, when fish are difficult to catch and game scarce, they frequently suffer from hunger.

We went up the river from Chima-wawin about ten miles to a place much frequented by the Indians for fishing, and called by them "Poplar Point," where we surveyed a small reserve and returned to Chimawawin. We then

immediately left for Moose Lake, where we were engaged for some time.

The Moose Lake Indians were in an extremely destitute condition. The children were clothed in rags that were scarcely any protection against the very cold weather we had while we were there.

The land in this district is rocky and barren, but the water is receding from large tracts of flat lands, which will soon become fertile prairies. The Chief of the band informed me that the level of the water in the different lakes is three feet lower than it was thirty years ago. I was much surprised to learn that a rough stone hedge on high and dry land near the Hudson's Bay Company's post was constructed in the

a survey of a small reserve at Clear Water Lake, distant about thirty-five miles. This trip involved two long portages of eight and four miles respectively. On our return we surveyed some hay lands near the "Pas" for the band. We finished this work late in October and we still had surveys to make at three different points on the Carrot River.

The Carrot River enters the Saskatchewan at a short distance from the "Pas." It drains a large tract along the base of the Pasquia Hills. At this time of the year the water in long stretches of the river was very low, so that it would have been a very laborious affair to ascend the river with even small canoes, besides it was so late in

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Syllabic writing used by the Crees.

water as a pier, and was used for many years for landing purposes.

We again returned to Chimawawin in order to proceed to the "Pas." On the way up we shot a number of geese, ducks and snipe from our canoe and without turning out of our course. At the "Pas" the Saskatchewan River has cut or passed through a high ridge which at one time must have been the retaining wall of an immense lake. The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post here; the Roman Catholic Church and the Christian Brethren have missions, and a neat English church and rectory are prominent buildings in the little village.

After the usual pow-wow with the Chief and Councillors we left to make

the fall that we would certainly have been frozen in and would then be obliged to abandon our canoes. I therefore decided to wait at the "Pas" until the ice in the river was safe, which did not take place until the 16th Nov.

While waiting at the "Pas" for the ice to take, we frequently went shooting prairie chickens and always met with fair success. Once we went a long distance from the "Pas" to try to get some geese and another time to have a shot or two at ducks, but with no success at all. The birds were then congregating for their flight to the south and were very wary.

The rapidity with which our Indians would pluck, clean and cook eight or ten ducks for lunch was simply admir-

able. Of course, we had to shut our eyes and not be at all particular in the matter of dirt. I think in the healthy, out-of-door, camp-life one soon becomes convinced that his digestive apparatus can attack successfully any quantity of foreign matter that may have become incorporated with the food while it is being prepared.

I had half-a-dozen rough toboggans made at the "Pas" and all my party except myself hauled a well-loaded toboggan up the Carrot River. The first day we had glare ice but made excellent progress as we had provided ourselves with ice-creepers. These were very

sufficient food for themselves or they would entail a considerable expenditure if fed with rabbits. (10)ba

We duly completed the surveys at the above mentioned places. Long before arriving at Red Earth we had made inquiries as to what means could be had to enable us to get out by way of Fort a la Corne and had been informed that there were ponies at Red Earth, but that practically there was no trail from Red Earth to Fort a la Corne and only at rare intervals had any one made the trip. This proved to be correct. Only two ponies could be had and only one man knew the route.



ON CEDAR LAKE.

simply made with a punch and some hoop iron which we obtained from some old barrels at the Hudson Bay Company's post.

At one time I had almost decided to move with dog trains instead of hand toboggans, but dogs require to be fed from one to three fish per day, according to their size, or an equivalent in rabbits. No fish were to be had at Salt Channel and very few at Shoal Lake or Red Earth, and considering how long the dogs would be idle at each place while we were making the surveys, it is evident that they would be unable to haul much more than

This man was known as Mackay Meguanakiscum, a son of the old Councillor and Chief of the band, Meguanakiscum, who also owned the ponies.

I made an invariable rule to employ the Chief and Councillors of each band to assist in making the surveys for their respective bands. The old Councillor Meguanakiscum especially engaged my attention by his very respectable appearance and by his quiet, earnest and unassuming manner. This man and all his band are pagans. I tried to ascertain what their peculiar belief might be, but all I learned was that they believed in a Great Spirit who was

over all; in a wicked spirit, in the reward of the good after death and in the punishment of evil-doers.

We left Red Earth on the fifteenth of December for the six days' tramp to Fort A La Corne, a distance of about 130 miles. The two ponies pulled toboggans which, although lightly loaded with our baggage and provisions, were too heavily loaded for the trail they had to go over. My party now consisted of my assistant, the cook Bap-

I have not the slightest doubt the good old man was commending me to the care of the Great Spirit.

Whoever thinks that a six days' tramp in winter across the country with the snow about a foot deep, over fallen timber and through thickets and camping without tents (for we left our tents at Red Earth) is fun, has notions of such work very different from mine. The first day or two passes very well, but towards the end the tramp gets



ON THE CARROT RIVER.

tiste Buck, Mackay Meguanakiscum and myself. As this trip was one of considerable importance in the opinion of these Indians, the old Councillor came out about a mile on our way to bid us good-bye. He had a long and earnest talk with Baptiste and his son Mackay, bade good-bye to my assistant and then gave me the benefit of quite an oration, which being in Cree I could not understand. During the oration he frequently pointed upwards;

very wearisome and monotonous. The ponies for the first day or two went ahead with a will; they would go over everything or through everything in the shape of down timber, brush or thickets, and where they went the toboggans had to follow with many a bump and upset. These little animals—they were scarcely bigger than large Shetland ponies—had nothing to eat but the grass they could get at night by pawing away the snow. Nothing else

could be obtained for them. The unwonted work and hard fare soon told on them. On the fourth day they were very tired animals, and on the evening of the sixth, when we were still fifteen miles from La Corne, they were so tired as to be scarcely able to move. They had worked faithfully and well without having once required the whip.

Mackay pointed to his animals, making signs that we must camp as they could go no farther. With the aid of a small Cree vocabulary we managed to make Mackay understand that it was important to push on to La Corne that night in order to obtain fresh horses with which to reach Prince Albert in time to catch the train for the

on the route. This gentleman procured us horses and a sleigh and at noon we left for Prince Albert, distant about fifty miles. We had to change horses midway and arrived at Prince Albert a couple of hours before the train left. At La Corne I paid off and bade good-bye to Baptiste and Mackay who, after a rest of two days, returned with the ponies to Red Earth.

I was anxious to pay a visit to a barber as soon as possible as my hair had not been cut for four months, but as we arrived at Prince Albert at 2 a.m. and left at 4 a.m., there was no opportunity there. My long hair, tuque, moccasins and generally rough appearance brought me many a stare on the cars



A PONY-TOBOGGAN.

South the next day, and that we would require to rest several hours and then push on again. Baptiste and Mackay made several signs to us which we could not understand; however, after a good supper, and three hours of rest, we saw what they meant. Very much to our surprise they lightened the toboggans by each taking a heavy pack on his own back. The ponies were thus enabled to make good headway and we duly arrived at La Corne that night.

We there received the same kind welcome and attention from the Hudson Bay Company's Agent that we had invariably received from the Hudson Bay Company's Agents at every post

from Prince Albert to Winnipeg, which was quite disconcerting to a man of my modest temperament. Immediately on my arrival at Winnipeg I paid the contemplated visit to the barber. This, with a fur cap instead of a tuque, boots instead of moccasins and a fresh overcoat instead of the camp-stained one I had been wearing made quite a difference in my outward man. The next morning the guard of the Manitoba House shouted as usual, "All aboard going east," and kept looking around for some one. Suddenly he recognized me, saying, "Well, Sir, I did not know you at all; the clerk told me the same gentleman would leave to-day who

came yesterday, and I am looking for him." No wonder he did not recognize me. The somewhat civilized being he now saw was not a bit like the rough hairy individual he had seen arrive the day before.

On my arrival at Ottawa I found that my friends had not heard from me for three months, and fears were entertained for my safety. I had frequently

sent letters by chance messengers to Cumberland House, where there is a monthly mail service. These letters arrived in Ottawa two weeks after my return, and a budget of letters that I would have been very glad to have received while I was in the wilderness duly followed me back and came to hand some time after my return.

LITERATURE.

AN ADDRESS MADE AT THE RECENT ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, BY W. A. FRASER.

YOUR asking me to respond to the toast of Literature, brings to my mind a story that is going the rounds in London.

A party of Jews were discussing literature. One of them remarked that Zangwill was clever—very clever.

"Zangwill clever?" objected another of the party; "he's not clever—that is nothing, his writing about the Jews. He *knows* us, for he is a Jew himself. Why should he not write about us? But look at Baring Gould. He knows nothing about us, and see how much he writes about us. That is clever, if you like."

So you have probably honoured me with this office much upon the principle that I shall emulate Baring Gould.

About literature I know very little—in fact I'm almost inclined to quarrel with the very word literature itself. If I could find a strong Saxon word to replace it I would never use it at all. Literature, as a generic term for the concrete thoughts of men done into the cold, unsympathetic world of black and white, has much too soft a ring. It is suggestive of dilettanteism, of Lake Como in everlasting sunshine. It is trippingly sweet. We speak glibly of literature, and feel, somehow, as though we had given our boots an extra rub with the brush of fine culture.

What we need here in Canada, and, for the matter of that, wherever the elongated, crimson-dotted postage stamp goes, is a literature that abounds in stories of strong, true, beautiful deeds. But above all else we must have Truth. We are strong, rugged people. Our country is great in its God-given strength—its masculine beauty. Canada is one of Mother Earth's bravest, sturdiest sons. Even our climate is boisterous and strength-producing. Strength begets Truth, and Truth makes Strength God-like.

It is almost impossible to separate the idea of Truth and Strength. The student who enters the university of literature should behold in large letters of gold the twin words, "Truth" and "Strength." The original people of this land, stretching from ocean to ocean as it does, had truth, and simplicity, and strength. I will touch on what literature has done for them later on. Our poets must be strong and truthful—rather than giving all their thoughts to finish and light-tripping metre. If we may hope for a Canadian Bobbie Burns, the man with the God-gift of song born in him, we must teach our children to live close to Nature, and never shake off her simplicity. And our prose writers, our story-tellers must go armed in Truth

and Strength if they would scale the cold glacier of criticism. Our newspaper writers and editors, for in their hands is more of literature and the making of literature than the people who talk so smoothly about it would have us believe, stand in Canada far in the vanguard of Truth and Strength. Their work is clean and wholesome and virile.

To-day the Canadian press has nothing to fear from comparison with the whole world. Canadian papers are a credit to this strong, God-fearing land of unfettered expression. I, for one, do not want to know of all the shame, and misery and crime, real and imaginary, that is in the world. I haven't time to go into it. My moral nature needs healthier food; and my family, young and ready for impressions, cannot wade through chronicles of violence and infamy day after day, and still believe in the good of humanity. From the one or two Canadian papers that come into my hands I get all the really great things that are happening in the world, and I escape the filth. This may be lack of enterprise, but I am content.

Good as our papers are, we should go further—we should foster a literature that will be placed on our shelves, and which will hand down to posterity the good and true things this young generation is doing, and their forefathers did before them. We have one magazine that, equally with our papers, is a credit to Canada. That Canada gives it the support it should have and is entitled to, I do not believe. If it does not come up to the mark of the high-priced United States magazines, shall we buy the New York magazine only and let our own young literature die? Shall we let our churches go unsupported because Talmage is in New York—because he is stronger than our local man? With all respect to the cloth, we need them no more than we need a healthy literature.

So far literature has done little for Canada. She is the "Lady of the Snows," the abode of wicked French

priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero. I have seen some of these French priests, and never saw but good of their work. In the far North-west a good French priest, Father Lacomb, has laboured among the Indians, as though they were his own children, for a lifetime. A sweet-faced old gentleman he is now, and all he has for his long life of hardship and exposure is the knowledge that he has tried to do his Master's bidding. I think he has done it. But literature passes him by, and builds a romance in which the central figure is a wicked priest.

The great Northwest is a land of blizzards, peopled by bad Indians. I wanted to do some blizzard literature myself, and started to get the genesis of those frozen siroccos. I asked people about them, and I wrote to people about them. I found only one man who had been in a true blizzard, and he was too badly frightened to remember anything about the physical aspect of the thing. It was like a hunt for the sea serpent. They are as rare as literature has taught us they are plentiful.

What we want is realism, a modern realism that will let the world see us as we are—a strong, healthy, growing nation; full of life, and aspirations, and determination: and through it all you may weave the golden thread of love if you like, for all that is founded on love is good and true. The literature of Christ was *all* love.

Let us have a literature that will deal with the problems of life as it is, not of a life that is dead and obsolete and of which no man may speak with certainty, a literature that will bring the classes to a better understanding of each other and each other's needs—not that will bring them together, for that is an Utopian realization that would only bring disaster; rather that will keep them lovingly apart; teach them not to plot against each other, not to hate each other, but to know that each one in his allotted place is the order of the universe.

Much literature to-day pictures the

employer as a grasping, avaricious, slave-driving demon. An employer of this order is a good substantial rib in the structure of a modern novel. On the other hand, all the employees are ready for revolt, for almost any crime, incapable of good. Then one day we read in a paper of an engineer on some railroad giving his life for the people placed in his hands. A captain and a crew (if they are British or American) cheerfully go to their death that the women and children may be saved. We read that in the newspapers; so it is not literature, and is soon forgotten. The books with the other in, the false literature, lie on our tables, and are on the shelves of our libraries. We cherish them, and the newspaper is thrown in the waste basket. Let us transplant this spirit of truth from our newspapers to our fiction, and we shall have a fiction that is true. If our young writers would try to give us stories dealing with the problems and trials and mysticisms of the life all about us, they would do more to build up a national literature than they ever will by posing over the more or less inaccurate records of the life that is extinct.

We have a great field for our story writers and poets in the Northwest. There is local colour in abundance, and the colour of God, which is the beauty of the universe. I have been in many parts of the world, the Orient and the Occident; I have seen beautiful places and magnificent parks; grand gardens and noble avenues; but let me tell you, gentlemen, that the most beautiful spot on this round earth is the valley of the Northern Saskatchewan, in this strong, rugged country that stands as a rampart between the Atlantic and Pacific. Go there, gentlemen, in August and September, and you will see God's own garden stretching mile on mile, from silver stream to the eternal blue of the distant "Rockies."

Crimson, and gold, and azure; and the soft, pearly greys of delicate grasses, and shrubs, that carpet the

black mould until you sink knee deep in a wealth of trailing, purple-tipped pea-vine, and pink flesh-coloured castillja. And not one blade of all this splendour was sown or planted by the hand of man; not one design in the whole vast park laid out by human gardener. There you will be face to face with the beauties of God's gifts, and no warning to "keep off the grass." You may roll down those jewelled hills, all set with ruby, and amethyst, and pearl flowers, like a boy. And as you roll there will be in the air the whistle of crescent wings, as the grouse and partridge cut through the warm sunshine, startled by the queer, hobgoblin appearance of a man.

If our young writers wish for a true literature, let them go there, out into the open, into the university of God, even as Moses did for forty years. Beside all this splendour, of which I can give you little conception, the magnificence of Solomon was poor and tawdry indeed. Even the lilies were arrayed in greater glory than he.

And of the people in that land, what has literature taught us? Do we know the Indian? I fear not. We know that he has forever and ever prowled about with scalping knife in hand, and heart set on murder. But we do not know that he is far more truthful than the white man; that you may leave your shack door open, not unlocked alone but wide open, and all that an Indian loves hanging about within reach, and you will find it all there when you return one month, or six, from that date—that is, unless there have been white men about? And there was morality with them. A noseless woman now and then bore testimony to the fact that violation of the seventh commandment met with swift punishment. And who shall describe the love of these people for their children? Their grief over the death of a child was terribly tragic in its intensity. Women took sharp flints and scored deep gashes in their limbs to dull the pain tugging at their heart-strings.

And the wonder of it is that there is any honesty or truth left among them, because of their treatment by the higher civilized Pale-face.

As long as a Scotchman breathes, (and while air is as cheap as it is, that will be a long time,) the name of Burns will linger. I might even add, after that also—for there will always be Scotchmen—they are the chosen people. This is because, as everyone knows, his literature was of the heart, and the soul of things—simple and close to nature—therefore close to the hearts of his countrymen. Blinded by a false conception of the meaning of literature, his worth and truth were not known as they should have been, until it was too late. But for the posterity that has taken Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Burns to its heart, it is never too late.

That is also the literature we need here—the literature that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian, went to for his matchless English eloquence—the Bible and Shakespeare. If a man reads these two books, and Burns, and Scott, and Kipling, and cannot write that which is good after, he had better get into the literary senate at once.

Now every writing has two distinct values—the immediate, or cash value, which is always small, because of the rapacity of editors, and the future, or reputation-building value.

As soon as a tale is printed, it begins to earn for the writer something—the character of that something will depend upon the amount of ability, and truthful, honest work the author has put into it. The prospective value is by far the greater to the young writer, and should be kept severely in view.

I admit it is difficult to keep the mind firmly fixed on a crown of laurel in a matter of forty years, while the stomach is clamouring for a present instalment of beans, or cabbage or anything nice and warm and filling. But there is little hope unless the laurel can be kept somewhere in the corner of the eye. It does not much matter whether

the tale be sad or gay, for there is much sweet sadness in life, so long as it be wholly truthful and of use, the workmanship the best the author can give.

This spirit of truth and strength breathes throughout the work of the present master of fiction, Kipling. Shall we shrink from his writing because of the almost barbaric fidelity to truth which is true? Then shall we shrink from the Bible, and ask for a more genteel book to mould our lives upon. Truth may jar sometimes, but the fault is ours, not truth's. It is this sublime fealty to truth which has made Kipling the greatest living writer.

And, in a lesser degree, we have an immediate proof of this in the splendid book Steevens has given us, called, "With Kitchener to Khartum." Kipling's work has made the writing of this book possible—and profitable. And if we hark back along this line of truth—or realism—healthy realism, we shall presently come to Dickens. He was the father of this good school that is breathing of health to-day.

But to return to Steevens' book, for I wish to speak a little of it. In it we find passages that make men bless the land of their nativity; thank God that they, too, are Britons, as they read. Is that not good literature? Yes, it is. But it is not smothered in fine writing.

And of the Arabs he speaks with fine admiration. One picture I remember. The rifles and quick-firing machine guns of the white troops had mowed down three thousand of the desert-dwellers as they charged the British lines. At last there were but three Arabs living. These still stuck to the colours, and advanced against the whole European force. The guns belched forth again, and but one was left. He raised his spear on high, and, shouting "Allah! Allah!" charged as though he had ten thousand men at his back.

That is what we want in our literature—more simplicity and faith. More "Allah! Allah!"

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. The following chapter turns on the action of Sidney in leading her, for the final act in this curious courtship, to the Mullein meadow where a few days before he had overheard Lanty tell Mabella of his love. The place was accursed in the eyes of Vashti, for it was there that she had lost the man in whom her affections were really centred.

CHAPTER VII.

THE grey of twilight was paling the gold of the after-glow. A quiet hush had fallen upon the earth—rather intensified than disturbed by the lowing of far-away cattle. It was the quiet of raptured anticipation, as if great hands held the earth up to the baptismal font of the heavens to receive the chrism of night; and the earth, like a wise and reverent child, waited with hushed heart-beats for the benediction.

Sidney Martin waited in the porch for Vashti to keep her tryst, and presently he heard her footsteps. The echo of each step gathered in his heart, dilating it with happiness as an already full glass is brimmed above the brink by drop after drop. From his position, where he stood spell-bound, he commanded an angled vista of the stairs, and slowly she descended within his range of vision; first the beautiful foot, proportioned so perfectly to the body it bore, then the long exquisite lines from heel to hip, and the yet more exquisite curve from hip to shoulder, and the melting graduation of breast to throat, and then the perfect face of her. She paused for a moment upon the last step, as if loath to step out of her pure rarefied atmosphere of maidenhood into the air vibrant with the sobs and sighs, the hopes and despairs, the gains and losses of human life; and standing thus, for one fleeting second there rose before Vashti a vision of renuncia-

tion. She saw herself, lonely but clad in righteousness going on her way; but the next instant the austere dream vanished, brushed aside by a hateful, sneering cynicism. With a heart full of self-mockery, more evil than her evil intent, Vashti took the step to Sidney's side, and stood there the typification, as he thought, of gentle dignity and dignified womanhood.

"How good you are," he said gently.

They took the way almost in silence. She wondered vaguely where he would take her, to the far-away pastures, the little knolls nestling upon the hills which he loved, or to the oak trees where they had talked in the morning. When they reached the road she submitted her steps to his guidance with outward meekness and inward indifference. He turned away from Dole. It was to be the far-away pastures then—as well there as anywhere. But he had passed the gate! And then it dawned upon her. He was taking her to Mullein meadow!

Her indifference fell from her like a rent garment, bitter remembrance tore at her heart. How dare he bring her here and bid her masquerade amid these grey boulders where she had known such agony! She imagined those implacable rocks rejoicing in her humiliation. Were not her own curses yet hissing across the eerie barrenness of this wide waste field? Ah, even so

Vashti—if our curses do not seek us out we ourselves return to their realm; there is great affinity between a curse and the lips which utter it. The flame of her resentment fluttered to her cheeks giving them an unwonted touch of rose. As they reached the entrance to Mullein meadow, she half stumbled, she recovered herself quickly, Sidney's swift touch being hardly needed to restore her poise.

To Sidney, her silence, the strange, sweet colour in her cheeks, her uncertain step, pointed but to one thing—the natural agitation of a girl about to have a man's love laid at her feet.

Surely never man was so exquisitely befooled as this one?

He took the path straight for the little spot where that happy betrothal had taken place. Vashti hesitated—this was too much.

"I—," she opened her lips to speak, but the words died away, unmerciful resolution freezing them at their source.

"Come," urged Sidney with tender insistence, and with an appearance of sweet submission she yielded, and at length they stood where those others had stood. The same grey sky bent above them, the same quiet hush brooded over the desolate reaches, the same clear star hung scintillant in the sky, and Sidney, taking her hands, which trembled by reason of the terrible restraint she was putting upon her anger, began to speak—very gently, but with an intensity which made his words instinct with life and love.

"You know," he said, "why I have asked you to come out to-night, but you cannot know why I have brought you here to this spot? It is because it is a place of happy auguries. Here, not knowing whither I strayed I came upon the betrothal of Lanty and Mabella. Here, heartsick with envy of their happiness I turned away to face the desolate greyness of the twilight. Here I saw a star, one lone star in the grey, which seemed to promise hope, and in my heart I named it Vashti. See—there it is, but more golden now, more full of beneficent promise, burdened, as it seems to me, with gracious

benediction. Oh, Vashti, when I left those two in the solitude of their happiness you cannot dream how my heart cried for you. All the way home nature's voices whispered in my ear "Vashti—Vashti," and my heart responded "Vashti," and it seemed to me there was no other word in all the universe, for in it were bound all meanings. It seemed to me there was no other idea worth comprehending but the identity behind that word. Vashti say that you love me—that you will marry me. Here, where my heart knew its bitterest longing, satisfy it with one syllable of your voice. Let me also build tabernacles here as the holy place where happiness descended upon me;" he let fall her hands. "Vashti, you know that I love you; give me your hands in symbol of yourself as a free gift."

He held out his hands. Slowly, gently, trustingly, as a woman who knows well what she does, and will abide by it, Vashti Lansing laid her hands in his. His vibrant, slender fingers closed upon them. There was an instant's pause—

"You love me!" he cried, as one, after a long novitiate, might hail the goddess unveiled at last. Then drawing her to him he kissed her on the mouth, and from that moment was hers—body—and yet more terrible bondage—mind; and she, with an astute and evil wisdom, forebore to make any conditions, any demands, till he had tasted the sweets of her acquiescence.

Would any man give her up, having held her in his arms, having touched her lips? With shameless candour she told herself, No. So she rested her head upon his shoulder, whilst he whispered in her ear the divine incoherencies of love, and intoxicated with the charm of the woman in his arms, touched the white throat by the ear where a curl of dark hair coiled like a soft, sweet shadow. A long, contented, yet questioning sigh came to him—

"Tell me?" he said.

"You will let me live always in Dole?" she said.

"Always—always, dear one! In Dole or anywhere else you like."

"Ah!" she said in a tone of dreamy happiness—"you will take old Mr. Didymus's place; we will live in the parsonage; what a happy life we will have!"

"Vashti!" said Sidney, almost reeling before the shock of her words. As a beautiful white mist rolls back to show some scene of sordid misery, so the glamour of the last few weeks lifted, and displayed vividly to Sidney all the awkwardness of the position which he had created for himself. Ever since that day, when stung by Sally's impertinent words he had agonized alone upon the hillside, nothing whatever had transpired to awaken its memory. A deference rather more pronounced than necessary upon the part of the village-folk, a certain constraint upon the part of the young men had been the only visible signs that Dole remembered. But upon the other hand nothing had occurred which gave him the opportunity of explaining to Vashti, nor, indeed, had he ever been able to decide how he could explain to her, even if given the opening. He had gone to church with the Lansings Sunday after Sunday. Under the circumstances any other course would have been an insult to the *régime* of the house in which he was staying. He had found nothing in the little church which jarred upon his tastes or revolted his principles. The simple, pious sermons of gray-haired Mr. Didymus were entirely inoffensive to anyone not of *malice prepense* irritable. The sad experiences of his long life had mitigated his judgments. The man who in his fiery youth scoffed at death-bed repentances now spoke feelingly of the thief on the cross; the elect murmured among themselves that Mr. Didymus was "growin' old and slack." Certainly his sermons were not learned, but neither were they devoid of a certain eloquence, for the old man knew his Bible by heart, and above all they were free from the anecdotal inanity; it would never have occurred to the old, plain-spoken man to stand in his

pulpit telling his people tales suitable for the comprehension of three-year-old children. There was, perhaps, the merest trace of asceticism in Sidney Martin's nature, and the simple doctrine of these people, their fatalistic creed, their bare little church, appealed to him as no gorgeous ritual or ornate sanctuary could have done. The hoarse, untuneful singing of these country folk, taking no shame of their poor performance, so that it was in praise of God, stirred his spiritual sympathies more profoundly than any cathedral organ—yet—he was a creature of reason, and he had always considered the Catholic Church more logical than any other, and above all, he had no belief whatever in the Christian doctrine. Ruled by a pure and lofty ideal of Truth, his life had been ideally good. His lofty aspirations did not lift him beyond sympathy with his fellows, only above their vileness. He adored nature with an almost heathenish idolatry, and had such reverence for her slightest manifestation, that he never willingly broke a leaf or crushed an insect. Literally, he worshipped the works, but not the Creator. And lo!—here was the woman round whom his very soul twined, taking it for granted that he believed all she did, and that his life could compass no higher happiness than to preach this belief to others; and what excellent grounds he had given her for thinking thus! All these things mirrored themselves in his mind in an instant, then he said:

"But Vashti, I have no need to do anything. There are many worthier men than I to fill Mr. Didymus's place. I am not a preacher, you know."

"Oh, but you will be for my sake," she said, and laid her head down again upon his shoulder like a child who has found rest.

Truly there are more tempting devils than the urbane gentleman of the cloven hoofs.

"What had you meant to do?" she asked.

"Indeed, I had mapped out no defi-

nite course," he answered. "My mother's money makes life easy for me, you know, but I had meant to do something, certainly. Only I was taking my time looking about. I didn't want to do anything which would cut some fellow who needed it out of a living."

"Let me decide for you," she murmured; the breath of the words was warm on his ear. "Think how happy you could make us all. They all think so much of you in Dole on account of your prayer. Mary Shinar says you are a saint." Then, her arms stealing about his neck, she added, "Sidney, for my sake you said you would sacrifice anything. I didn't think this would be a sacrifice. I thought it would be a delight; but if it is a sacrifice make it for my sake."

Alas he had fallen among the toils! He took swift illogical thought with himself. He would preach to them a pure and exalted morality. He would be the apostle of nature's pure creed. He would make Dole a proverb in all New England. He would teach, he would have a library, he would marry Vashti.

Glamoured by his love and his sophistry, his judgment, his sense of right and wrong failed him. Sidney caught his Delilah to his heart.

"It shall be as you wish, my sweet," he said; "and now tell me you love me."

"I love you," she said, repressing the triumph in her voice. "I love you and I am proud of you," she said again, holding her head high. If she had lost much in Mullein meadow she had also gained a triumph there.

The short American twilight was darkening to night. The weird old boulders sentinelled round them might have been a druidical circle, and she the priestess fulfilling the rites. Nor was the victim wanting; only instead of slaying the body with a golden knife she had killed the soul with silvery speech.

"Ah," said Sidney as they turned to thread their way out of Mullein meadow, "surely this place is holy."

She paused, looking at him—"Do you not think that suffering sanctifies more than joy?" she asked.

"No, not such joy as ours, as Lanty's and Mabella's."

"I don't know," she said.

"But I'm sure of it!" he answered; then with a lover's fantastical fondness he went on, "I would not be surprised if when we visited this spot again we found it hedged in by lilies, tall white eucharist lilies, set to keep others from straying into consecrated ground."

"Sidney," she said, "promise that you will never, never ask me to come here again—it is too sacred."

He was deeply touched by her delicate, sensitive thought.

"Dear heart," he said, "never; yet do not the most reverent lips approach the sacramental cup more than once?"

"You will make a capital preacher," she said, "but you must not persuade people to do things against their conscience."

"You shall do as you like always."

They were on the highway by this time; a waggon overtook them, and then went on at a foot pace just in advance.

Vashti seemed to walk with intentional swiftiness.

"Vashti," he whispered, "don't walk so fast. Let those people get out of sight."

"We must go on," she said.

Sidney thought this touch of shyness adorable in her who was so self-poised, yet he protested with zeal. Do men always try to destroy what they admire?

Suddenly Vashti bethought herself that an extra rivet was never amiss when one wanted bonds to hold, so with a sigh as of timorous yielding, she gave him her lips again in the shadow of the porch, and left him with a glory of happiness bedimming his mental vision.

The house was dim-lit and silent. After the labours of threshing-day every one was worn out. Lights glimmered in the bedrooms but the living rooms were dark.

Sidney paced up and down the little

garden path for long, feeling "caught up to heaven, yet strangely knit to earth."

Vashti sought her room, and pulling up the blind looked out where Mullein meadow lay.

"A holy place!" she said to herself. "I wish I could pile the fire to burn all three of them. 'A tabernacle,' he said; I wish I might build me an altar there and slay them on it! I don't think even an angel would stay my hand. 'A sacrament;' I wish I had the filling of their cups, wormwood should they drink and the waters of Marah down to the very dregs—all three!"

Her nostrils dilated like a brute's upon traces of the prey. In the breast of such a woman love denied turns to gall. She paced up and down, up and down—her rage lent expression in grotesque gestures and evil words, words which with Vashti Lansing's teaching and training she was superbly brave to use. It grew very late; her eyes were almost wild. She took the guttering candle in one hand and crept along the passage to Mabella's room. She opened the door and went in. Mabella lay asleep, her candid face budding from the prim little frill like a flower from its calyx. Vashti bent above her a haggard and violent face distorted by passion. Her eyes blazed; her lips drawn tensely back showed the strong white teeth. She leaned over the sleeper, her strong fingers closing and unclosing; a long tress of her hair fell across her shoulder suddenly and touched the dreamer's cheek—Mabella stirred, raised her hand half way to her cheek, murmured with a little happy smile—"Lanty—Lan—" her voice died away; her soft regular breathing continued unbroken. At the sound of that name uttered thus a dreadful purpose lighted Vashti's eyes. The fingers of her strong hand opened wide and advanced themselves toward the white throat which pulsed upon the pillow; at that moment the guttering candle fell over. Its burning wick and melted grease struck the hand which held it. Vashti instinctively uttered a smothered cry and jerked her hand; the light went

out. Mabella stirred; Vashti sped to her room and got the door closed just as Temperance came to her door and said,

"Did any one call?"

There was no response.

"Are you all right, Mabella?" she said going across the hall to Mabella's door.

"Yes," said Mabella sleepily. "I think I knocked something over with my elbow and the noise woke me up."

"Are you all right, Vashti?"

"Yes, what is it?" answered Vashti.

"Nothin'—thought I heard a noise."

For hours Vashti Lansing lay and trembled with the only fear she knew; the fear of herself. How near she had been to terrible crime, only she and Omnipotence could know. She reflected upon consequences and told herself that never again would she give herself such an opportunity. At last she sank to rest, to be tormented till dawn by a strange vision.

It seemed to her she stood again in Mullein meadow, within the circle of boulders, and that slowly, slowly they closed in upon her; closer and closer they came, narrowing about her with gradual but horrible certainty, and at last they touched her and held her tight, shackling her hand and foot so that she could not move a muscle, but they did not kill her; and whilst she was thus held all Dole defiled before her; the villagers pointed at her with scornful fingers and passed whispering on; her mother, who had been long dead, passed with her father, but they did not look at her, nor seem to know she was there, nor did old Mr. and Mrs. Didymus who presently joined her father and mother. Then the scene grew brighter and she saw Temperance and Nathan together; they shook their heads, looking at her sadly but coldly; then a sweeter radiance flooded the view upon which she looked, and Mabella and Lanty with little children about them drew nigh her, and they spoke kindly words to her, and put a shade over her head to keep off the sun's heat, and raised a cup to her lips, and one of their child-

ren came and held up a child's haphazard bouquet to her nostrils that she might smell the flowers. She tried to repulse these kindnesses; she tried to drive Mabella and Lanty away with evil words, but the stones pressed too tightly upon her to admit of speech, and while she writhed thus impotently, she looked far away where one wandered alone; there were butterflies and birds about him, and flowers springing about his feet, and he wore a look of calm ineffable happiness, and, yet, it was not the same happiness as shone upon the faces of Lanty and Mabella which lighted the eyes of this visioned Sidney. But in her dream Vashti did not dwell long upon this, her thoughts reverting to the paralyzing prison which encompassed her; and she fought, and struggled, and strove, yet could not move those terrible stones, and casting her eyes down upon herself, it gradually dawned upon her that she could not even struggle. The terrible wrenches and efforts she had made were but imaginary, so tightly was she held that she could not so much as twitch a finger. Thus the hours passed with her.

Mabella slept sweetly and healthfully, so rapt in love that even the baleful influence bending over her so terribly in the night had had no power to disturb her rest, although the gaze of even a friendly pair of eyes so often murders sleep. Sidney slept also and high above the pale wastes of Mullein meadow, the star of promise still shone, unrecking of the presumptuous human heart which had dared to dream its silvery splendour a pennon of hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Sidney opened his eyes next day it was upon a transfigured world that he looked. A world golden with imaginings of happiness across whose vistas shone a white path, like the milky way in the heavens, marking the life road to be trodden by Vashti and himself. Cradled in a happy trance his heart knew no apprehensions. At such a time retrospect shares the mind almost equally with anticipation. The

glorious present is made still more glorious by comparison. As Sidney dwelt upon his past it was borne in upon him with peculiar force that it had been but a curtain raiser to the real drama of his life. He had been a popular man as a student and afterwards also, but it seemed strange even to himself how few real ties he would have to sever in adopting this new life—so radically different in vocation from any he ever dreamed of before. The fact was that in all his friendships he had given more than he had received. He had give liberally of that intangible vital capital called sympathy and he had received but little in return. Although he had not realized it his friendships had been only so many drains upon his vitality. He had thought of, and for, his friends continually; they had accorded him the tribute of uncomprehending admiration which bears the same relation to real sympathy as bran does to the full, rich wheat. Thus it was that in separating himself from these friendships he felt no wrench. Separate from them he must. He knew that the keeping of his promise to Vashti was utterly incompatible with his old life; he must "come out and be separate" from all his old associates and associations. He felt, however, that this would be possible; possible without sacrilege. His attitude towards religion had always been defensive rather than offensive. He felt deeply the pathos of the Christ drama. The figure of the Man of Sorrows was a familiar one in the gallery of mental portraits to which this idealist had turned in time of trial for strength.

There was one man whose verdict upon his action he longed to know, yet dreaded to ask: A strong soul, untamed by sect, unshackled by formulated belief. A man whose magnificent active human organism was hallowed by the silver thread of mysticism. A man whose splendid logical mind was transcended by a subtle sense of premonition, intuition, which led him far beyond where his reason or his scanty learning could bear him

company. A man whose eyes looked out wistfully yet eagerly from beneath penthouse eyebrows. A man whose toil-roughened fingers turned reverently the pages of books he could not read; French or German books beyond his ken. A man in whose proper person Sidney had always felt there was symbolled forth the half blind, half perceptive struggle of the human to comprehend the infinite.

What would this man think of his new vows? This man who would have died for what the world called his *disbeliefs*.

Well, Sidney told himself that his first *devoir* was to Vashti and the promise made to her. He would not delay. These thoughts bore him company till he was in the hall. He did not know the hour, but suddenly he was aware of a subtle, penetrating freshness in the air. He looked out of the hall door: the garden was dim with autumnal dew. Was it indeed so very early?

He heard voices in the kitchen. He found there only Mr. Lansing and Miss Tribbey.

"Is it so early?" he asked, smiling.

"For the land's sakes! Mr. Martin!" said Temperance. "Is that you?"

Sidney laughed aloud; there was a ring in his voice which made Temperance regard him.

"I have been awake for ages," he said; "so here I am."

Temperance remembered certain days in the past when she had been wont to awaken ere the first bird sang in the dark. Those were the days when Nathan, a hobbledehoy, too bashful to woo her in daylight, used to way-lay her in the lane when she took the cows back to the field, and stand with his arm about her in the dusk.

Temperance rubbed her eyes.

"The morning sun do dazzle," she said, giving unsought explanation of the moisture in her eyes.

"Better set right down and have breakfast," said old Mr. Lansing. "The young folks is turrible lazy, it seems to me, nowadays."

"Oh, not all of them," said Sidney. "Look at Temperance!"

Old Lansing chuckled delightedly.

"Nathan Peck had better look out, Tem'prins; I allus did say you had a way with the men."

Temperance tossed her head, well pleased.

"Will you have your eggs fried or biled?" she asked Sidney. The blush upon her gaunt cheek giving her a sadly sweet look of girlhood.

Old Lansing finished his breakfast and pushed back his chair.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but I've been up sense cock-crow, and I haven't done a blessed thing but water the cows. The men are in the barn now waiting. Tem'prins 'll give you breakfast. I'll warrant the girls will be surprised when they get down. Lazy critturs! Tem'prins, why don't you wake 'em up?"

"O sakes! Let 'em sleep," said Temperance; "in a few more years they'll wake fast enough o' their own accord. Laws! I kin mind when I'd have slep' all day if they'd let me be."

In this homely sentence lay the secret of Temperance's influence. This gaunt old maid never forgot the workings of her own youth. Indeed now that it was past she acknowledged its weaknesses very frankly, and this reminiscence made her very lenient towards young people.

Old Mr. Lansing departed for the barn, and Sidney, filled with impatience to see Vashti, paced up and down the kitchen.

Temperance brought the eggs and sat down behind the tray, looking at him with a sort of pitiful sympathy in her keen eyes.

Sidney essayed to begin his breakfast; a smile twitching the corners of his sensitive mouth.

Temperance watched him.

At length he laid down his knife and looked at her.

A subtle atmosphere of sympathy made him confident and expansive.

"I say Temperance," he said, "I was never so happy in all my life. You don't mind my talking to you about it,

do you? I'm so happy that—oh Temperance."

It was a boyish conclusion; he looked at the gaunt country woman; her hands worked nervously; she looked as if she *felt* the emotion which made him ineloquent.

"You have seen—you are pleased?" he continued in haphazard fashion.

"Bless your soul Sidney," burst out Miss Tribbey, forgetting to be formal, "I'm pleased if so be you're happy. I ain't very religious. I expect I have a worldly heart. I'm like Martha in the Bible, allus looking after cooking and sich, but I've said to my Nathan heaps o' times, 'He's a blessing' I've said 'to have in the house,' and I mean it. My soul! I only hope Vashti 'll come up to your expectation."

"Ah," said Sidney, "there's no doubt of that. She's perfect."

Miss Tribbey's mouth half opened, then closed resolutely. She had her own standard of perfection, but she had too much sense to deprecate the lover's fond extravagance.

"I'm perfectly content," said Sidney, "perfectly."

Miss Tribbey grew very white.

"Don't say that," she said earnestly, "don't; no good ever came of sich a boast. It's terrible dangerous t' say you are perfectly content. I never knew good to come of it—never."

"But I am," said Sidney, feeling happy enough to challenge the powers of evil *en masse*.

"Listen," said Temperance gravely, "don't say that. 'Taint meant for mortal man to be content. 'Taint intended. What would make us work for Heaven if we was perfectly content here? No, don't say it. I've known one or two people that thought themselves perfectly content, and how soon they was brought down! There was Mrs Winder. Has anyone told you about Mrs. Winder?"

"No," said Sidney, "but I know her by sight. She's got a stern face."

"Starn! You'd be starn-looking too if you'd come through what Sal Winder has. First she married Joshua Winder;

he was a bad lot if ever there was one, and after they'd been married ten years and had four children what does he do but up and run away with a bound girl at Mr. Phillipses, a red-cheeked, bold-faced critter she was. Well, Sal never said nothin'. She was left with a mortgage and the four children and a roof that leaked. I don't s'pose anyone ever knowed the shifts Sal was put to to bring up them young ones and work that place and make both ends meet and keep the roof of the old house from falling in. Mebbe you've remarked the old house? It's got a white rosebush by the door, and blue ragged-sailors in the yard and the pile of bricks beyond was once a smoke house. She had all her hams and bacon stole one year to make things easier for her. Well, her oldest boy was the most remarkable young one that Dole ever see. Joshua his name was, after his father, but that's all, the likeness there was between the two of them. That boy was jist grit and goodness clean through! And the way he helped his mother! There wasn't a foot of that old place they didn't work and prices were good then and in about six years Sal got the mortgage paid. She gave a dollar to the plate in church the next Sunday. Some held 'twas done to show off, but Sal wasn't that stripe of woman. 'Twas a thankoffering, that's what it was.

"Well, next year Sal built a barn, and the year after the new house was begun. The house went on slowly, for Sal wanted to pay as she went along. Well, at last the house was built and painted real tasty, and one day I was over there to visit a spell and Sal says, 'Joshua has gone to pay the painter for the house painting,' she says; 'it's a sort of celebration for us and we're having ducks for supper. I hope you'll stay and help us celebrate.' Then she went on to say how good Joshua had been, which she didn't need to tell me, for all Dole knowed he was perfect if ever there was a perfect son. So jist after the lamps was lighted, in come Joshua. He was tall and slim; he favoured Sal in his looks; he had

worked so hard ever since he was little that his hands had a turrible knotty look like an old man's, and he had a sort of responsible expression to his face. Well, we was all setting at supper and Joshua had cut up the ducks and we was all helped and Sal says, 'Now make your supper all of ye. We've had a hard row to hoe, Joshua and me, but we've kep' it clear o' weeds and I guess we're goin' to have a harvest o' peace and quiet after the grubbin.' Joshua looked up at his mother and I never seen two people more happy to look at. Sal was real talkative that night and she says:

'Well, Temperance, I'm right glad you're here to-night. *I'm perfectly content this night,*' she says. The words wasn't out of her mouth till I saw Joshua give a shiver—like a person with a chill in his back.

"Have you got a chill, Joshua?" I says, and he laughed quite unconcerned, and he says, 'Yes, I seem to have the shivers.'

"Four days after that Joshua Winder lay dead in the new house . . . My! I mind how his hands looked in his coffin. His face was young, but his hands looked as if he'd done his heft o' work. No, never say you are perfectly content. Its turrible dangerous."

Sidney's sensitive heart was wrung by the homely story.

"Oh, Temperance," he said, "why did you tell me that?" She looked at him as a surgeon might regard one whom his healing lancet had pained.

"Because," said Temperance, "because it's a tempting o' Providence to say or to think you are content. I ain't superstitious, but I'd rather hear the bitterest complainings as to hear anyone say that."

"And yet," said Sidney, "I should think the Lord would be pleased to see people happy, each in his own way."

"Well," said Temperance, modestly, "I ain't much on religion, Mr. Martin. I can't argue and praise and testify the way some can, but my experience has been that when folks begin to think themselves and their lives is perfect and to mix up earth

with heaven, and forget which one they're livin' in, they're apt to be brought up sudden. It seems to me heaven's a good deal like a bit o' sugar held in front of a tired horse to make him pull. I guess there's a good many of us would lie down in the harness if it wasn't for that same bit of sugar; we may look past the sugar for a while, but when we get to a bit of stiff clay or run up against a rock we're mighty glad to have the sugar in front o' us again; but sakes! you ain't made no breakfast, and there's the girls! You'll breakfast with—her—after all."

Temperance gave him an arch look and departed, and Mabella had hardly crossed the threshold before the sympathetic Miss Tribbey called her; when she arrived in the back kitchen Temperance took her by the shoulders and whispered energetically in her ear:

"Sakes, M'bella! Don't go where you ain't wanted."

Mabella's eyes lighted with sympathy.

"You don't say!" she said.

Temperance nodded like a mandarin.

"It must be catching!" said Mabella. "It was Nathan brought the infection to the house."

"Go 'long with you," said Temperance, and with a very considerate clatter of dishes she made her intended entry audible to the two people in the kitchen.

Mabella looked at Vashti eagerly—sympathetically, but the calm, beautiful face of her cousin was as a sealed book.

"Whatever was that noise in the night, Temperance?" asked Vashti.

"Why, I don't know," said Temperance. "I was sure I heard a noise, but I couldn't see anything when I got up. Did you hear anything, Mr. Martin?"

"Not I," said Sidney, "but I was so busy with my own thoughts that you might have fired a cannon at my ear and I would not have heard it." He looked at Vashti; her down-drooped eyes were fixed upon her plate; suddenly he exclaimed:

"What have you done to your hand? It's burned!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "after I blew out my lamp last night I knocked the chimney off. I caught it against my side with the back of my hand, that burned it."

"My!" said Mabella. "I would have let it break."

Vashti smiled, and suddenly raised her eyes to Sidney.

"A little pain is good for me, I think. It makes one know things are real."

"But the reality is sometimes sweeter than the dream," he said, tenderly.

She let her eyes fall in maidenly manner. It was as if she had spoken. This woman's most ordinary movements proclaimed the eloquence of gesture.

"You must have been up early," said Mabella to Sidney.

"Yes," he said, "I was in a hurry to leave the dream-world for the real."

"And how do you like it?" asked Mabella, saucily.

Vashti spoke at the moment, some trivial speech, but in her tone there was the echo of might and right. It was as if with a wave of her hand she brushed aside from his consideration everything, every person, but herself.

They rose from the table together.

"Come out," he whispered; she nodded, and soon they were pacing together in the morning sunshine. Mabella looked after them; turning, she saw Temperance wiping her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked with concern.

"Nothing," said Temperance; "nothing; I'm real low in my spirits this morning, though why, I'm sure I can't say. But it's fair touching to hear him! There he was this morning talkin' of her being perfect, and sayin' he was perfectly contented. It's a tempting o' Providence. And, Mabella, there's Vashti—she—well, I may misjudge," concluded Temperance lamely. "Sakes! look at them chick-ings," with which Temperance took

herself off to regulate the ways and manners of her poultry yard. Mabella departed to do her work light heartedly, and Vashti out in the morning sunshine with her lover was weaving her web more and more closely about him.

In two nights more Sidney was leaving Dole.

It was the night of the prayer meeting.

All Dole knew of his engagement to Vashti Lansing; all knew he hoped to be the successor of old Mr. Didymus. The old white-headed man had spoken a few words to him telling him how happy he was to think of his place being so filled. He spoke of it calmly, but Sidney's lip quivered with emotion. Mr. Didymus said, "Wait till you're my age and you won't think it sad to talk of crossing over. Wife and I have been two lonely old people for long now, hearkening for the Lord's voice in the morning and in the evening, and sometimes inclined to say: 'How long, oh, Lord! How long?' We won't be long separated. When folks live as long together as we have they soon follow each other. That's another of God's kindnesses."

There was in the simple old man's speech an actual faith and trust which brought his belief within the vivid circle of reality.

"I will do my best," said Sidney.

"The Lord will help you," said the old man.

The prayer meeting was animated by thought for Sidney. There was something in the idea of his going forth to prepare to be their pastor which caught the Dole heart and stirred its supine imagination.

When old Mr. Didymus prayed for him, that he might be kept, and strengthened and guided, it was with all the fervour of his simple piety. The intensity of his feeling communicated itself to his hearers. *Amens* were breathed deeply and solemnly forth.

Vashti would have liked Sidney to speak.

"I cannot," he said simply; nor was his silence ill thought of. He was going forth; he was to be comforted; he was the one to listen to-night whilst they encouraged him and pled for him, and again, in the name of the Great Sacrifice, offered up petitions for him. The hour had come for the closing of the meeting, when suddenly Mary Shinar's clear, high treble uttered the first words of one of the most poignantly sweet hymns ever written.

*"God be with you till we meet again—
May His tender care surround you,
And His loving arm uphold you,
God be with you till we meet again."*

Every voice in the church joined in this farewell, and then the benediction was slowly said—the old tender, loving, apostolic benediction, and they all streamed forth into the chill purity of the autumn night. They shook hands with him, and he stood among them tall and slight and pale, inexpressibly touched by their kindness, unexpectedly thrilled by their display of emotion. It was only their religion which moved these people to demonstration.

The last hand clasp was given. The lights in the church were out, and the Lansing party took its way homeward.

Temperance's face and Mabella's were both tear-stained. Vashti's pale beauty shone out of the dusk with lofty quietude in every line.

Sidney looking at her felt he realized what perfection of body and spirit meant.

A new moon was rising in the clear pale sky—the wide fields, tufted here and there with dim blossomed wild asters, lay sweet and calm, awaiting the approach of night as a cradled child awaits its mother's kiss. Far away the twinkling lights of solitary farm-houses shone, only serving to emphasize the sense of solitude, here and there a tree made a blacker shadow against the more intangible shades of night. There was no sound of twilight birds; no murmur of insect life.

Sidney was passing home through the heart of the silence after a farewell visit

to Lanty who was kept at home nursing a sick horse.

It was the night before Sidney's departure from the Lansing house. The summer was over and gone. It had heaped the granaries of his heart high with the golden grain of happiness. He walked swiftly on, then suddenly conscious that he was walking upon another surface than the grass, he paused and looked about him. Around him was the tender greenness of the newly springing grain—above him the hunters' moon curved its silver crescent, very young yet and shapen like a hunter's horn. A new sweet night was enfolding the earth, gathering the cares of the day beneath its wings, and bringing with it as deep a sense of hopeful peace as fell upon the earth after the transcendent glory of the first day, and here amid these sweet familiar symbols of nature's tireless beginnings he was conscious of an exalted sense of re-birth. He too was upon the verge of a new era.

He stood silent, gazing out into the infinity of the twilight.

Afterwards when the pastoral mantle did fall upon his shoulders there was a solemn laying on of hands, a solemn reception into the ranks of those who fight for good; but the real consecration of Sidney's life took place in that lonely silent field, where the furrows had not yet merged their identity one with the other, where the red clouds were not yet hidden by the blades. Out of the twilight a mighty finger touched him, and ever after he bore upon his forehead almost as a visible light the spiritual illumination which came to him then. It was, alas, no self-comforting recognition of a personal God. It was only the sense that all was in accord between the Purposer and the world he had made; but this was much to Sidney. The man-made discord could be remedied, even as the harsh keys may be attuned. Forever after this hour he would give himself up to striving to bring his fellows into accord with the beautiful world about them.

Suddenly he felt himself alone. A speck in the vastness of the night, a

little flame flickering unseen ; but just as a sense of isolation began to fall upon him a mellow glow gladdened his eyes—the light from the open door of the old Lansing house. He bent his steps toward it with a humble feeling that he had trodden upon holy ground ere he was fitly purified.

In after days when many perplexities pressed upon him, he often withdrew in spirit to this twilight scene. Of its grey shades, its dim distances, its silence, its serenity, its ineffable purity he built for himself a sanctuary.

Alas ! In that sanctuary the God was always veiled.

To be Continued.

MI-CARÊME IN PARIS.

"Cette année on a choisi
La plus jeune et la plus belle."

SO runs the song composed and dedicated annually to the poor ironing girl selected to be "La Reine des Reines." Mi-Carême (Mid-Lent) is the event in the life of the blanchisseuse (washerwoman) never to be forgotten. It is the red-letter day of the year, the May-day of Merrie England, and something for the young ironing girls to look forward to in the long winter evenings while standing at the ironing table mechanically passing their hot irons back and forth over the dainty linen. It is a day to be remembered when, looking back in after years, they tell their children over and over again the story of their reign at Mi-Carême. To trace the custom is exceedingly difficult, for the washerwomen have kept a holiday at Mid-Lent for many, many years. It probably sprung up, however, from a small beginning, and is later by some few years than the Carnival at Mardi-Gras. Evidently it is a brief respite from the weariness produced by the long Lenten period of abstinence and fasting, an innate desire for fun, life and pleasure.

In Paris it is the custom to name a queen, dress her up in grand attire, parade the streets and wind up the festivities by a grand ball in her honour. After the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 the fête was for a time suppressed, but the fondness for gaiety, spontaneous in the French people and never really put down, burst forth anew, and the Mi-Carême fête has always been since that time a brilliant holiday festival.

It was in '95 that I saw the Mi-Carême and pretty Mlle. Marie Louise Grimme,

a poor ironing girl, chosen because of her extraordinary beauty to be "La Reine." Such a dark, dismal morning as it was that year, a bleak March morning, which I recall perfectly because I felt that the little queen must be a bit sad at heart as she sprang out of bed and looked out from her little attic window upon the cheerless prospect. The clouds were thick and threatening, and the wind raw and penetrating. Whatever may have been her feelings she donned her handsome white satin gown with its long court train of yellow brocade, powdered her wavy golden hair, darkened her delicately-arched eyebrows and lashes until her blue eyes seemed sufficiently large and brilliant, received her maids of honour, bowed her stately head for her crown, which looked for all the world like the real thing, seized her sceptre, the emblem of her reign for twenty-four hours, ascended her gilded chariot of the style of Louis XV. and drawn by eight superb white horses gorgeously in gold-plated harnesses, and amid the blast of trumpets drove away to salute President and Mrs. Faure at the Palais Champs Elysée. From the distinguished and popular President the merry queen received a beautiful bracelet, the right to rule the gay city for a day and the homage due her rank ; then, smiling and bowing her thanks, she joined the glistening procession headed up the Grand Boulevards. The sun tried to smile and show his good nature, and as the chariot of the queen halted for a few moments before the beautiful Church of the Madeleine he burst forth and shone upon the golden-haired, stately Marie.

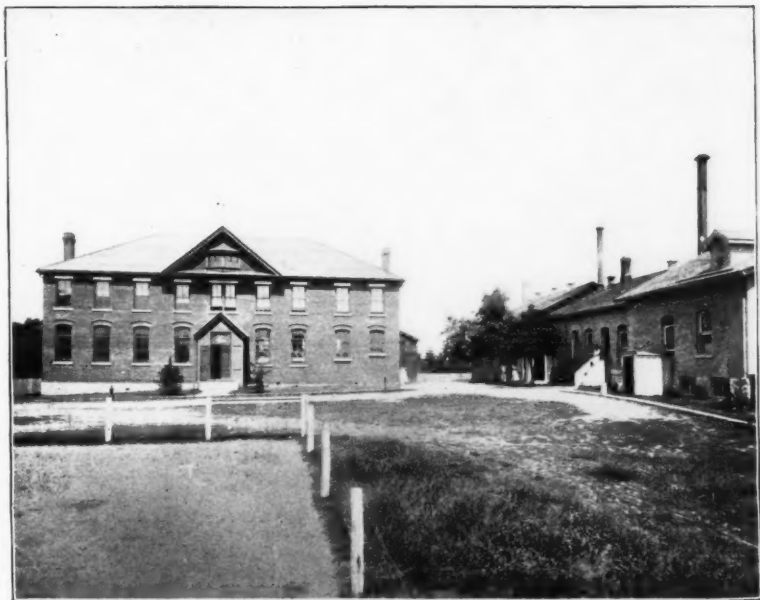
The crowds all along the boulevards from the Madeleine, with its massive Corinthian columns, to the Place Bastille, the route of the procession, surged back and forth, pushing, crowding and jostling each other good-naturedly, for the utmost good cheer prevailed everywhere and there was not a sign of ill-temper all day. Vendors of confetti and serpentines, calling out their wares, "Qu'est-ce qui n'a pas ses confetti?" or "V'là confetti cinquante centimes l'sac!" were heard upon all sides, and handful after handful of the small, circular pieces of bright-coloured, sweet-scented paper was hurled at you from every point, blinding you, choking you, stifling you, but never disturbing your serenity so long as you had a handful left in your bag to throw back. Good humour reigned, and the gay Parisians, phlegmatic Germans, ponderous Englishmen and breezy Americans laughed, joked and made merry together, giving themselves up to the boisterous merriment of the day, children once again.

All of the lavours of the city were represented in gorgeously-decorated cars, the occupants in equally gorgeous attire, and, most interesting of all, the students from the mysterious and fascinating Latin Quarter were the feature of the parade. All of their cars were marvellously original and clever in their conception, and they were greeted with cheers and pelted with flowers all along the route. One of the cars, more daring than the rest, was called "Le Guérisseur du Roi," having an enormous mortar and pestle in front, and in it a nurse dangling a tiny baby in her arms, while upon a table in the centre of the car was a large figure being dissected with ghoulish glee by a crowd of students, who drew from the abdominal cavity handful after handful of confetti, flowers, serpentines and bon-bons, which they threw down to the crowd below. Another unique car was that of the law, in the centre of which was an enormous scale balancing a pretty girl upon the one side and a few heavy law books upon the other. It is needless

to say that in this case, as in all others, beauty outweighed everything else. Then came the academicians in vivid green coats, forty-one in all; at least, the tall, bearded fellow who marched in the rear bore that number upon his casque. On his back was a quantity of books, whose titles were an index to his identity. He was Monsieur Zola, and he had no end of fun driving off his fellow-members who, furious at his elevation to the additional chair, made continued attacks upon him with their large quill pens. Flowers, money, choice fruit, bon-bons and confetti were showered upon the passing students, only to be caught, if possible, and thrown back to be caught again and treasured as a souvenir by someone upon the crowded pavement. It was very, very gay and a novelty to one seeing it for the first time.

The eventful day closed with masked balls at the Opera House, a sumptuous edifice and the largest theatre in the world, and at the Nouveau Cirque and Casino de Paris. The students had charge of the ball at the Cirque, and at half-past ten the grand entrée took place, followed by a bright farce, choosing the queen of the fête, the ball and charming battle of flowers. Great bushel baskets full of violets, roses, mignonette, lilies of the valley and fragrant narcissus were passed around, and a battle royal waged for over an hour amid peals of merry laughter, lively dance music and happy good-fellowship. Staid English matrons in the boxes, attractive American mammas with more attractive daughters in the balcony; chic, brilliantly-dressed, fashionable Frenchwomen caught and threw back the bunches of flowers to the students and their best girls upon the ballroom floor below. The balls, one and all, were striking and most extravagant, but, belonging as they do to the class of peculiar Parisian institutions, they are always patronized by the many strangers who are fortunate enough to be in the bright city for *Mi-Carême*.

Jane Martin.



ONTARIO PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL AT GUELPH.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY OF CANADA.

BY J. W. WHEATON, EDITOR OF "FARMING."

THE rise and progress of Canadian dairying is one of the most important factors in the material development of this country. Since 1864, when the first co-operative cheese factory was started, the manufacturing of cheese in Canada has made remarkable progress. At the beginning, it is true, progress was slow, and those associated in promoting and developing the industry met with many discouragements in their endeavours to get the people interested, and to establish a market for the product. But perseverance, indomitable energy, and implicit faith in its possibilities finally triumphed, as they always will where conditions are at all favourable, and to-day we have in the Dominion an industry which, both as to the amount of money it annually brings into the coun-

try and the material progress resulting from it, is second to none.

THE FIRST CHEESE FACTORY.

We have already stated that the first co-operative cheese factory was started in Canada in 1864. There is some little difference of opinion among dairymen as to the locality where the first factory was operated. More than one district in Ontario has endeavoured to claim credit for its inception. Everything considered, however, the burden of proof decidedly favours Oxford County as being the birthplace of co-operative dairying in Canada, and Harvey Farrington, a cheese manufacturer of Herkimer County, New York State, who moved to Canada in 1863, as being entitled to the credit of having in 1864 operated the first Cana-

dian cheese factory. A rival claim comes from the County of Leeds that Mr. W. P. Strong, of Brockville, is the individual who should be thus honoured, the contention being that he operated a cheese factory in Eastern Ontario as early, if not earlier, than Mr. Farrington did in Western Ontario. Though Mr. Strong was a pioneer in the movement, and rendered very valuable services in the earliest days, the facts do not prove that he is entitled to any credit as being the first to introduce the system. It is true, however, that within a year or two of the starting of the business in Western Ontario, the late Hon. Senator Reed, of Belleville, having investigated the working of the co-operative cheese factory which had then been in operation in New York State for several years, was instrumental in starting a cheese factory near Belleville, which section has since developed into one of our leading dairy districts. The credit of having taken the initiative in this matter is no small honour, and it is little wonder so many districts are laying claim thereto.

ITS PROGRESS.

Statistics are usually dry and uninteresting, but in noting the progress of an industry of this character they speak more loudly than anything else. The

census of 1871, taken just seven years after the first factory was started, showed that there were 353 cheese factories in the Dominion. The census of 1881 gave 709 cheese factories, that of 1891 1,565 factories, and the returns for 1897-98 compiled by Mr. George Johnsson, Dominion Statistician, show that there are 2,759 factories, including 203 making both butter and cheese. In 1871 the average output of each

factory was valued at \$4,570, in 1891 at \$6,250, and in 1897-98 at \$5,570, or \$680 less than in 1891, but \$1,000 more than in 1871, giving an output for 1897 of about \$15,300,000, as compared with \$9,780,000 in 1891, \$5,460,000 in 1881, and \$1,602,000 in 1871. We find, however, from the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying that for the year ending December 31st, 1897, Great Britain imported from Canada cheese to the value of \$16,300,905.

The discrepancy in these estimates is probably due to the fact that the former one is based upon returns up to June 30th, 1898. The estimated value of the cheese exported for the year ending December 31st, 1898, is \$17,572,763. But as this includes a part of the make of 1897, which was held over and which was very large, it is somewhat higher than the total value of the cheese made last year.

PROGRESS OF CANADIAN DAIRYING.

NUMBER OF CHEESE FACTORIES.

1864.....	1
1871.....	353
1881.....	709
1891.....	1,565
1898.....	2,759

VALUE OF THE OUTPUT.

1871.....	\$ 1,602,000
1881.....	5,460,000
1891.....	9,780,000
1897.....	16,300,905

NUMBER OF CREAMERIES.

1871.....	None.
1881.....	46
1891.....	170
1898.....	762

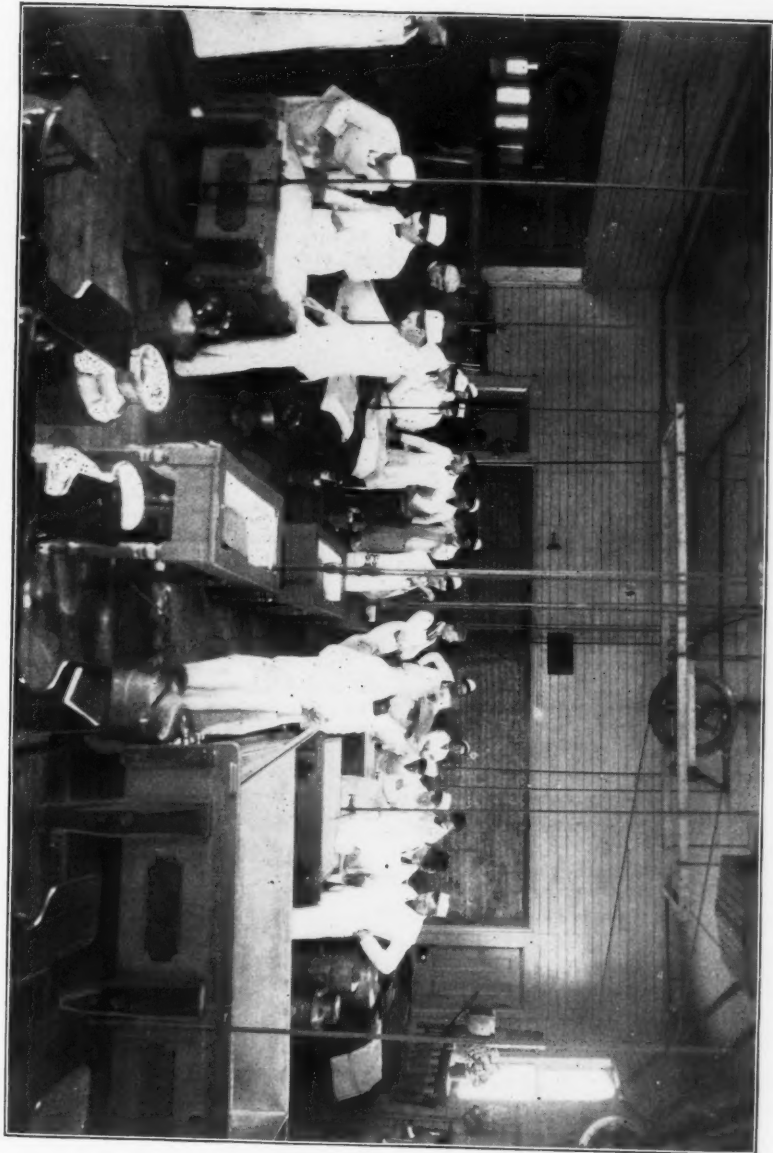
VALUE OF THE OUTPUT.

1891.....	\$ 918,000
1897.....	2,164,995
1898.....	3,500,000

A COMPARISON OF CHEESE EXPORTS.

	<i>United States.</i>	<i>Canada.</i>
1870....	57,296,327 lbs.	5,827,782 lbs.
1880....	127,553,907 "	40,368,678 "
1890....	95,376,053 "	94,260,187 "
1895....	60,448,421 "	146,004,650 "
1898....	46,000,000 "	150,000,000 "

CHEESE MAKING AT GUELPH DAIRY SCHOOL.



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THE CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY.

Though the co-operative creamery did not appear on the scene till ten or twelve years after the cheese factory, satisfactory progress has also been made in this important branch of dairying. To-day Canadian creamery butter, in so far as its quality is concerned, stands on about the same footing as cheese in the British markets, and the outlook for the extension of this branch of Canadian trade is of the most hopeful character. In 1871 the Dominion had no co-operative creameries for the manufacture of butter, it was all home

value for that year \$918,000. At the same rate the value of the output for the year ending June 30th, 1898, would be over \$3,000,000, which does not include the butter made in the winter creameries. Again, referring to the Agricultural and Dairy Commissioners' report, we find that our exports of butter to Great Britain during 1897 were valued at \$2,164,995. From May 1st, 1898, to the present Canada has increased her exports of butter by over 100,000 packages, which would mean an increase in value of fully \$1,000,000 and would make the total value of the



A CREAMERY AT RENFREW, ONT.

made. In 1881 there were 46 creameries, all but one being in Ontario and Quebec. In 1891 this number had increased to 170, and, according to the latest returns, the number in operation during the past season was 559. In addition to this, there were in operation during 1898, 203 factories making butter during the winter and cheese during the summer, which, if classed with the others, make a total of 762 co-operative creameries. In 1891 the output per creamery was valued at \$5,400, which would make the total

exports for the year just closed considerably over \$3,000,000.

DAIRYING IN THE PROVINCES.

It will be interesting just here to notice briefly the progress of the industry in the various provinces of the Dominion. For a number of years cheese-making on the co-operative plan was confined mainly to Ontario. There are, however, buildings yet standing in Nova Scotia which were erected for cheese-making purposes in the early seventies. These evidently were not

managed in the best possible way, as they were abandoned after being in operation for a year or two. After the business was well established in Ontario, and it had been proven to be a profitable business for the farmer, co-operative cheese factories were started in Quebec. These at first were confined to the Eastern Townships, but have since spread over a large portion of the French-speaking districts. There is no part of the Dominion making more rapid progress in regard to the quality of its cheese than Quebec, where an elaborate system of instruction on the syndicate plan is carried on.

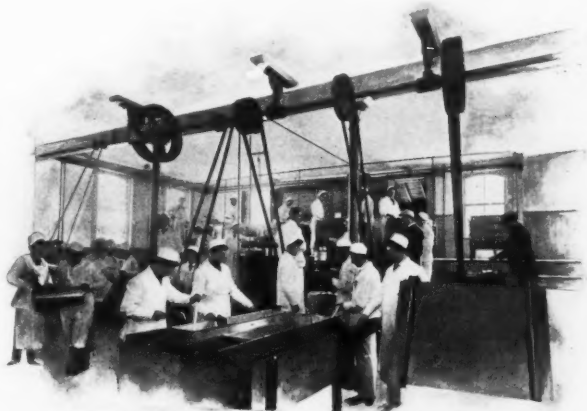
The co-operative creamery made greater progress in Quebec in its early stages than it did in Ontario, where for a time it had a hard struggle to successfully compete with the cheese factory. Of late years, however, the rivalry between the two to secure the farmer's patronage has almost died out, and the cheese factory and the creamery are being brought into closer relations with each other chiefly through the advent of the winter dairying movement, when many of the former began to make butter as well as cheese.

Outside of Ontario and Quebec dairying was of very little importance in the other provinces of the Dominion till 1891, when the Dominion Dairying Service was inaugurated by the Dominion Government, under the direction of Professor J. W. Robertson. Since that time great progress has been made in almost every province. The number of cheese factories and creameries in the various provinces since 1891 has increased in Nova

Scotia from 16 to 23, in Prince Edward Island from 4 to 35, in New Brunswick from 10 to 28, in Quebec from 728 to 1,785, in Ontario from 938 to 1,317, in Manitoba from 31 to 66, in the North-West Territories from 7 to 32, and in British Columbia from 1 to 5.

CANADIAN VERSUS AMERICAN DAIRYING.

A comparison of the progress of dairying, and more particularly cheese-making in Canada and the United States, may prove both interesting and profitable just here. There is nothing that the Canadian dairyman is more



BUTTER MAKING—GUELPH.

proud of than that the "Yankee" has been forced to take a back seat in so far as making good cheese is concerned. Canadian cheese has almost replaced the American article in the British markets, and there is no longer much fear of effective competition from that quarter. It was not always so. Before 1870 Canadian cheese was not known in England, and those who first endeavoured to open up a market there, prominent among whom may be mentioned the names of the Hon. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, the late E. Casswell, of Ingersoll, and the Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, of Stratford, had very



WESTERN PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL—STRATHROY, ONT.

great difficulty in persuading the English dealers to sell Canadian cheese even on commission, so much were they prejudiced in favour of American cheese, believing that no good thing could come out of such a "cold, snowy region" as Canada. But persistence and the good quality of the goods to back it up, prevailed, and no food product of Canada is better known in Great Britain at the present time than cheese. A few figures will show how the Canadian export trade has grown, while that of the United States has declined. In 1870 the United States sent to Great Britain 57,296,327 pounds while Canada sent only 5,827,782 pounds, in 1880 the United States sent 127,553,907 pounds and

3½ times greater than those from the United States. The exports of creamery butter for 1898 will also be found to be much greater from Canada than from the United States.

One important feature in the development of the dairy industry in the two countries is the superiority of the laws enacted in Canada for the protection of the dairyman over those in existence in the United States. This, perhaps, more than anything else has been the chief cause of the supremacy of the one and the displacement of the other in the markets of Great Britain. Just when the export cheese trade of the United States was beginning to assume large proportions the making of "skims" or partly "skims" began to

be practised largely in the Eastern States, while in the west "bogus" or "filled" cheese became the product of a great many factories. These "spurious" goods



EASTERN PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL—KINGSTON, ONT.

were sent to Great Britain, and in many cases sold as full cream cheese, with the result that the United States to-day, instead of occupying a first place, occupies a second or third-rate place in the export cheese trade. Canadian dairymen, on the other hand, though copying the United States system in the beginning, were sufficiently careful of their future reputation as to copy only that part of it that was helpful and to discard everything of an unsavoury or dishonest nature. As the industry progressed, stringent laws were enacted through the efforts of organized dairying to prevent the making of skim-milk cheese in the factories, or spurious dairy goods of any kind, in the Dominion of Canada. So effective have these laws been in promoting honest and upright dealing that it is our proud boast that not one pound of oleomargarine or of "filled" cheese is manufactured or sold in Canada to-day. This is no small honour for a young and growing country to have in connection with one of its important branches of trade. In fact, and we say it advisedly, the manufacturers of other lines of Canadian goods, and especially of food products, owe a debt of gratitude to the dairymen of this country for the reputation for honest and upright dealing which they have established in Great Britain. This reputation has served to make it easier for other kinds of products to find a market in Great Britain, as the consumer there knowing that Canadians are honest in one line will be honest in others also.

DAIRYING AS AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

The value of an industry to a country is not measured alone by the amount of wealth it brings in annually. It is customary to measure the value of a manufacturing establishment to a town or city by the number of people it gives employment to. Let us measure the value of the dairy industry by this scale. There are estimated to be 3,300 skilled cheese and butter makers in the Dominion. To this must be added the 6,000 persons who work in the factories as assistants, making a total of 9,300 persons who devote their whole time during the season to cheese



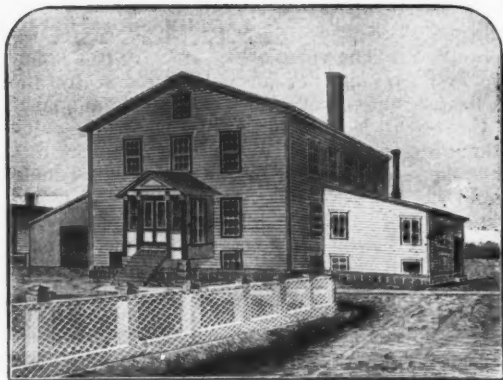
CHEESE AND BUTTER FACTORY AT BLACK CREEK, ONT.

The Property of Thos. Ballantyne & Sons.

and butter making. Then we have about 18,000 people, such as secretaries of factories, milk-haulers, etc., who devote a portion of their time to the work. Coupled with these are the patrons or farmers who supply the milk, who would number at least 150,000 people, making a grand total of over 177,000 of our citizens who are directly benefited by the dairy industry of Canada.

STATE AID AND DAIRY ASSOCIATION WORK.

Though cheese-making was started independently of Government assist-



PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL, ST. HYACINTHE, QUEBEC.

ance in anyway, yet from the time its importance to the country began to be recognized, the industry has never been left entirely to look after itself. For a number of years dairying has been fostered by the Dominion Government and by the local governments in the various provinces, and politicians, to be popular in the country at large, are always ready to do something for the dairy industry. In fact, some dairymen go so far as to say that it would be a good thing for the business if our legislators would leave it alone for a while. However this may be, dairying is never at a loss in both Houses of Parliament for someone to champion its interests. The Dominion Government, through its agriculture and dairying branch, though its work is

to a large extent educational, gives special attention to the market side of the industry, and by the employment of dairy experts to give instruction in the factories, has done and is doing much to spread the gospel of good dairying in the outlying provinces of the Dominion. With one or two exceptions the various local governments are doing effective work for the industry in the provinces. Their work is altogether of an educational character and is directed mainly towards improving and main-

taining the quality of the product. This is accomplished by means of dairy schools, grants to dairy associations, and the distribution of dairy literature. There are six dairy schools in the Dominion, three of which are in Ontario, one in Quebec, one in new Brunswick, and one in Manitoba.

In addition to the work carried on by the various governments, valuable assistance is rendered the industry by a number of dairy associations, some of which receive liberal aid from the local governments. Every province in the Dominion now has an organization of this kind, which, with few exceptions, devotes its energies exclusively to dairy matters. Ontario has two strong associations, one in Eastern Ontario and one in Western Ontario,



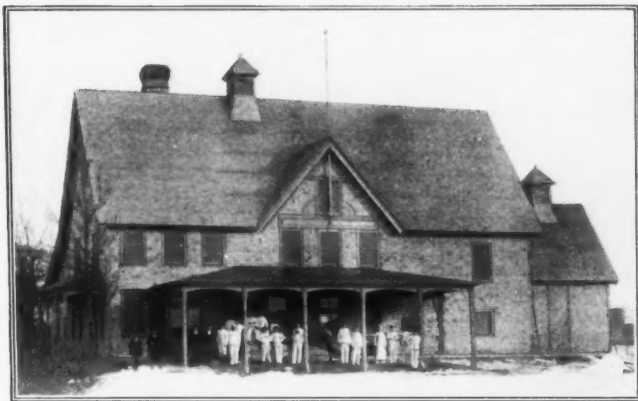
CHEESE AND BUTTER FACTORY AT BRIGHT, ONT.

which receive large grants each year from the provincial government to carry on the important work they are doing. Two associations were formed in 1877 by a division of the old Canadian Dairymen's Association, which was organized in 1867, just three years

after the first cheese factory was started. A third organization, the Ontario Creameries Association, which was formed to promote butter-making on the co-operative plan, existed from 1885 to 1897, when it amalgamated with the original eastern and western associations, forming the two new organizations now in operation. The history of the first organization with that of the associations which spring from it, had we the space to devote to it, would be almost identical with the progress which the dairy industry has made since its inception. The first association and those which succeeded it have been the chief sources from which has been disseminated information regarding the methods to be employed in making the finest quality

of cheese and butter.

The work of the dairy associations, with the exception of those in Ontario and Quebec, is confined to annual conventions and meetings, where practical addresses on the various branches of the work are delivered by competent persons and afterwards published for distribution among the members. In addition to these gatherings the associations in Ontario and Quebec carry on a most important work by employing practical men to instruct the makers in the cheese factories and cream-



MARITIME DAIRY SCHOOL—SUSSEX, NEW BRUNSWICK.



CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY—NEEPAWA, MANITOBA.



CHEESE FACTORY, ST. ANNE DES CHENES, MANITOBA.

eries. About twelve instructors are employed annually in Ontario for this work, while in Quebec, where the syndicate system of instruction is so largely developed, upwards of forty instructors are annually employed in visiting the various factories in that province. It will thus be seen that if the various forces, Government and otherwise, engaged in promoting dairying, do their duty, there should be no fear of the quality of our dairy products deteriorating or of the industry itself not maintaining the important place it now occupies in the material development of this our fair Dominion.

BUYING AND SELLING CHEESE AND BUTTER.

A glance at the methods by which the products of our cheese factories and

their products every month or two weeks, as the case may be, direct to the exporter or shipper through correspondence or to his representative who visits the factory. In Ontario, however, where there is more competition in buying, the business is carried on in a different way. A number of dairy boards of trade (upwards of 20 in all) have been established at central towns and cities to which the factories send representatives. These representatives or salesmen meet the buyers, who are also members of the board, once a week or once a fortnight, according to arrangement, at the local markets. Here the offerings of the factories in the locality are boarded and sold by what is known as the "call system." The buyers make their best bids for each lot as offered, which the salesman can accept or re-

ject as he sees fit. It may be a surprise to men engaged in other commercial enterprises to know that all the business of these boards is transacted without the scratch of a pen other than the record made in the secretary's



GOVERNMENT DAIRY STATION—WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA, N.W.T.



BUTTER MAKING AT THE MANITOBA PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL.

book. Very often thousands of dollars' worth of cheese is sold for future delivery without any record whatever of the transaction other than a verbal agreement between the buyer and seller, and to the credit of those who make such a bargain, very few of them are broken. Honesty is there for a prevailing principle in all our dairy methods and is responsible for a large share of the prestige which the industry has attained at home and abroad.

CO-OPERATION THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE.

In closing we would like to impress upon every one interested in Canadian dairying that its essential feature and active principle is co-operation. The farmer, who supplies the milk, the maker who makes it into cheese and butter and the manufacturer or company which owns the building or plant, are parts of a gigantic co-operative fabric upon which the very existence of the industry depends. Any element that would tend to break that fabric would deprive the industry of its

life itself. The farmer, when he takes his milk to the factory, is dependent upon the maker for the quality of the product that is to be made from it, and the maker in turn is dependent upon the farmer to supply him with a quality of raw product from which to make a good article that will meet the wishes of the British consumer. Whenever one of these factors fails in performing his part in the co-operation the other two must suffer and the industry as well. Because of this co-operative character the help of the Governments, the dairy associations and the dairy instructors is more necessary to the success of the industry as a whole than it would be to an industry where the co-operative element does not exist. No one, however, will begrudge the dairy industry the assistance it receives from the public chest. Every dollar it receives is returned a thousand-fold in the \$20,000,000 which it annually brings into the country and in the prosperity co-operative dairying brings to the community where it is carried on under the most approved methods.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. III.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, invested by Louis Fr  chette with his title of "pathfinder of a new land of song," physician, professor of medical jurisprudence, and ardent sportsman, though an Irishman by birth and descent, has undoubtedly absorbed the great spirit of the country of his adoption, and given it forth to the world clothed in truest poetry—that which brings a tear to the eye of the exile and a sympathetic throb from the heart of the lover of rural Canada and its picturesque inhabitants. Dr. Drummond was born at Currawn House, Co. Leitrim, and enjoyed an ideal boyhood, shooting and fishing with his father, an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary. He developed at an early age the remarkable love of outdoor sport and Nature which speaks in his "Memories."

"O Spirit of the Mountain! that speaks
to us to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of
past delight;
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our
pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where
flows the Saint Maurice."

The characteristics and folk-lore of the habitants first attracted Dr. Drummond's attention at fifteen years of age, when passing a summer at the Bord-a-Plouffe, which he has since immortalized, and where "No more de voyageurs is sing lak dey was sing alway." From that time their sturdy manliness, broken English and originality have strongly influenced the recorder of their quaintness, and every brief respite from professional duty is spent among them "mid the grand old Laurentides," under the spell of "the breathing of the woodland, the throb of Nature's heart."

It is good to know that these "subjects of the pen" appreciate their portrayal; and the mental vision, conjured by description, of old Phil-o-rum Juneau, ancient guide and coureur-de-bois, unswathing in his cabin among the pines his treasured "edition de luxe" and proudly pointing to the writing on the fly-leaf, strikes a deep chord in our hearts, and insensibly adds another link to our lengthening chain of patriotism. For years Dr. Drummond fished, hunted, listened and



FROM AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH.

DR. DRUMMOND IN HIS CANOE.

"I am not de young teller I used to be w'en work she was only play."



AT 12.

thought among these people, occasionally writing verses for his own amusement and that of his friends. Some of these were given away, some appeared in newspapers, and many were lost; but eventually a number were gathered together by Mrs. Drummond, and they formed the nucleus of the "Habitant."

This book has received recognition from the English and French press of the old lands, as well as the new, and has not only brought its author undying fame,



AT 14.

but the gratitude of the people of Canada, preserving as it does, all that is

tenderest, truest, and most characteristic of the old life which time and modern innovations will sweep away. As the Midland Review, of Louisville, Kentucky, said:

"It is not too much to say that Dr. Drummond has written himself immortally into 'Le Vieux Temps.' For truth, sincerity, simplicity and idealization no such poem as this has ever been written in America."



DR. DRUMMOND—TO-DAY.

genius outside the Dominion is most gratifying; in December, 1898, he was

elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England; in the same year he was entertained by the Canadian Society of New York, and recently he has created a literary sensation in Chicago by his reading of his poems, and been the guest of that city's celebrated Twentieth Century Club. As a lad Dr. Drummond's favourite authors were William Drummond,



AT 16.

of Hawthornden, and Captain Cook; to-day, to use his own words, "Kipling, of course," and Crockett. He, like Barrie, worships at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine," is a great pedestrian, avoids golf, fearing its fatal fascination, and is a famous disciple of "Izaak Walton," spending happy hours with rod and gun "where is heard the wizard loon's wild cry."

Dr. Drummond's mode of work is erratic, writing at odd moments, sometimes not for months, then finishing one poem during the quiet hours of a single evening. To listen as Dr. Drum-



AT 28.

mond, in his study, reads a newly wrought poem—one with a ripple of life and salt breeze of the Gulf; to look up at shrewd, kindly old Phil-o-rum smiling from the wall; to smile at some beaming celebrity on the mantelpiece; and to glance regretfully from an exquisite photograph of tree-hung river

of running water to the bare branches and driving sleet without, one feels that this man has not only attained much, but has the material and, above all, the soul with which to do more, to the glory of our dear land and the ennobling of her sons.

E. Q. V.

THREE EXPERT CYCLISTS.

BY ROBERT BARR.

"TRAVEL makes a full man," said Lord Bacon. I am not sure that I have the quotation right; perhaps it is "reading" that makes a full man, or probably drinking; anyhow, a man picks up a good deal of information while travelling which he would not acquire had he remained at home. Nearly everything I know I have picked up on the road from one tramp or another, and although I have met scientists who sneer at my acquirements, I put their contempt down to jealousy, because the learning they possess has been gathered slowly and painfully from much reading of books, while I arrive at my knowledge through a few minutes' pleasant conversation with an utter stranger. Scientists naturally do not like another man to take a short cut across the fields of knowledge, they stick to the broad roundabout beaten highway of education; a dry and dusty road; while I take a pleasant path across the fields and arrive ahead of them.

For instance, I was returning from Switzerland a while ago, and in the same railway compartment with me were three cyclists who had been enjoying themselves among the mountains. They were quite evidently bashful countrymen, while I, being from the city, and knowing most things, spoke condescendingly to them, just as if they were my equals, so as to put them at their ease with me, which is my invariable custom when

meeting non-citified strangers. They were naturally very much gratified at this, and proceeded to tell me all they knew.

"Yes," said John W. Simpson, leaning towards me with thankfulness for my geniality beaming from his eyes, "I've had a very nice time in Switzerland, thank you, a very successful time; although I didn't go so much for the cycling, as to try my new avalanche wheel."

"Your avalanche wheel!" I cried in amazement, "I never heard of such a thing."

"It is a little invention of my own. Nothing has been published about it yet, and I tell you this in strict confidence. Some people have studied avalanches, and some have not. Perhaps you have made avalanches a specialty!"

"No," I replied with some reluctance, hating to admit my ignorance, "I can't say that I have investigated avalanches to any great extent, my sole care being to get out of their way as quickly as possible."

"Quite so," retorted John W. Simpson, "that is the usual attitude of mankind towards an avalanche. Of course people can't study the habits and customs of avalanches while running away from them. Now I have estimated that 20,000,000 horse-power goes to waste every year through the avalanches. Heretofore nobody has made any effort to use this tremendous power, and

avalanches are allowed to slide down in utter idleness all over the place. Of course, when people grow wiser this wasted force will all be utilized, and at present I am doing a little in my humble way to show how useful an avalanche can be to a cyclist. It takes a man, roped to a couple of guides, ten hours to descend from the top of the Jungfrau to the level ground below. The distance is, with the zigzagging they must do, something under eleven miles, now I have done it in two minutes and sixteen seconds on my avalanche bike. Look what a saving of time that is, not to mention the comfort."

"Comfort!" I cried. "Good gracious, do you mean to tell me you have cycled down an avalanche?"

"I have cycled down forty-seven of them this season, and never had an accident, except once I punctured the tire on the front wheel."

"But how do you know when an avalanche is going to start? As I understand you, you must travel with it from the beginning. There are no avalanche timetables in Switzerland that I ever heard of."

"No, I don't wait for avalanches, I make my own. You see, at the top of a mountain, if a man starts a snowball down hill, it becomes an avalanche on very short notice. My cycle is so constructed that it throws up a bit of snow-

ball as it goes along. I start from the top of a peak in any direction, and the first thing I know I am in the midst of a tremendous avalanche. On the front of the machine are a couple of fins, if I may call them so, which spread out automatically, and they keep the cycle steady. The great point is, of course, to remain upright in your saddle and

keep your machine on the surface of the avalanche. There is lots of room on top, as the philosopher says, and that applies to avalanches as to everything else. There are three dangers to a man coming down without a machine on an avalanche; first, he may be smothered in the debris; second, he may be smashed against a rock; third, he may get ahead of the avalanche and the wind which it causes will kill him. More people are killed every year in Switzerland by the wind of an avalanche than by the avalanches themselves. Now, you see, going with the avalanche you are out of the wind, then the fins on my machine keep you from sink-

ing in the snow, and if you strike a rock the wheels revolve and send you up into the air, where, after a most delightful flight, steadied by the patent fins I have spoken of, you join the avalanche and lower down. I know of nothing more exhilarating than going eleven miles in two minutes and sixteen seconds. When the avalanche quits business at



"No, I don't wait for avalanches, I make my own."

the bottom, your momentum carries you out of it until you strike some path, and then you cycle along as any ordinary man would on any ordinary wheel. I intend to get up avalanche parties for Switzerland next summer, and we would be very glad to have you join us."

There was a deep silence after John W. Simpson had concluded. I mopped my brow and thought deeply for a while; then I said to the man who sat next Simpson, Lapthorn Davis by name:

"I suppose you have been avalanching with your friend also?"

"No," said Davis with a sigh; "I'm afraid I am rather a reckless person, and tame, plain ordinary avalanche cycling, such as my friend Simpson delights in, has few attractions for me. I have been practising with my aquatic bicycle, which has quite justified all the expectations I had of it."

"Dear me," said I, "an what is an aquatic bicycle?"

"Well, perhaps you have been over in Havre and have seen the new roller-steamer, the Ernest Basin, invented and built by an engineer of that name. As doubtless you know, it goes on six wheels, which are simply exaggerated pneumatic tires made of steel. There are three on each side, and Sir Edward Reed says that he believes this wheeled boat will mark an era in steam navigation. It struck me that a bicycle on

two wheels could be made on somewhat similar lines. I accordingly ordered two gigantic pneumatic tires, a foot and a half through. I had these fitted on my wheel and practised for a while on a pond at home in a bathing suit until I got thorough control of my machine.

"Do you mean to say you venture on the surface of the water with that machine—how do you keep afloat?"

Doesn't it turn over and sink you?"

"Yes, it is a little apt to do that until you get accustomed to it. Of course you turn the wheel toward the direction you are falling and by and by you go along on the surface of the water as if you were on a smooth road. Of course I don't advise anyone to practice in an ordinary suit, but even then there is little danger, because the two wheels form life preservers when the machine goes over. At first I intended to take off these huge covers when I was cycling along the road, but after I found they made the machine very easy riding I

didn't trouble to remove them, but ran along the road until I came to a canal or a river and then took to the water, coming out on the road again when I got tired of aquatic travelling."

"But can you get up any speed on that machine?"

"That is just the trouble. As my wheel is now constructed, you can't go very fast on the water, but I think that



"You get an excellent idea of the cataract by simply turning your head as you go down."

might be easily remedied by sort of fin-shaped paddles, like my friend has on his avalanche bike; still, it was not for smooth water I wanted it. You see, there are a great many cataracts in Switzerland, of which, owing to their situation, it is impossible to get a complete view. My pleasure consisted in going over the cataracts."

"Good gracious!" I ejaculated.

"It is well to have a good waterproof on if you are particular about getting wet. After practising on the lakes of Switzerland until I had full control over my machine. I took the train up the Goschenen, and from there went to Andermatt and started down the Reuss, which as you know is a very turbulent stream. I found a good deal of difficulty in keeping upright, especially in such turns as when we dashed under the Devil's bridge, but it is safe enough if you keep your head and don't get excited. You bounced up into the air a good deal when you strike the rocks, as my friend does when coming down an avalanche, but on the whole it forms a very pleasurable trip to start with. Then I tackled my first fall, the Handeck on the Grimsel pass. It is hardly possible, except from the top to obtain a good view of this fall, but as you go over it on the bike you get an excellent idea of the cataract by simply turning your head as you go down, taking care, however, to strike fair at the bottom. After that I went over the Gries pass and did the Tosa river. The Tosa falls are 470 feet high and 85 feet wide; that is a trip worth doing, but you ought to look over your machine very closely before you start it; be sure there are no punctures in the big cover, and tighten up the screws a bit. I have no patience with cyclists who are careless about their machines when taking a trip like this."

"Then you got safely over the Tosa?" I ventured.

"O, certainly, several times. The last time I went over backward so as to get a better view of the falls as I went down, but this is a very dangerous experiment, and I do not recommend it to any one but experts. Still, you do

get a much better knowledge of the falls, and it is preferable to craning your neck round as you have to do when you descend face forward. But it has its drawbacks, because when you get down to the turmoil at the bottom and have to circle round and turn your bike, the situation presents many difficulties which I would not advise an amateur to encounter. I intend to do Niagara when I reach home, but won't try it backward at first."

Again there was deep silence in the railway compartment, and it was some moments before I could command my voice sufficiently to make myself intelligible. I looked at the third man, George Washington Verity, he said his name was. He said:

"Of course, if I had not seen my two comrades do what they say they have done, I might have some difficulty in believing their narrative."

"O, no," I said; "truth is stranger than fiction, especially in bicycling, as your two comrades bear witness. I have no difficulty in believing every word they say, but that perhaps is because I have been living in Switzerland, and feel particularly robust. In my ordinary state of health I don't know that I could have swallowed the avalanche, even when washed down by the Tosa falls. But have you had no adventures on your cycle, Mr. Verity?"

"No," he replied, "not one; that is, not one worth speaking of. I kept to the ordinary roads, and did the plain everyday cycling. I did have a little excitement coming down the Stelvio pass. Perhaps you know that road, the highest pass in Europe. It runs between Italy and the Tyrol."

"Yes, I have been over it."

"Then you know on the Tyrol side how the road zigzags down, and how frightfully steep it is. At the spot where the man threw his wife over you are doubtless aware there is a sheer cliff a mile deep. I resolved to cycle down the Stelvio pass, and in order that this might be done in safety I bought a tree from a wood cutter up at the top and tied it with a rope to the back part of my bicycle, so that

it might act as a brake and a drag as I went down the steep incline."

"I have heard of such a thing being done," I said, glad to be on familiar ground once more.

"Yes, it is a very old device. You hitch the rope round the butt end of the tree and let the branches scrape along the ground. Unfortunately there had fallen a little snow, and the night before there had been a sharp frost; so, besides being steep, the road was exceedingly slippery. By and by, to my horror, I found the tree was chasing me, butt forward, and instead of acting as a drag on my wheel, I had to pedal like one demented to keep clear of it. There was no going to one side and getting out of its way, because, you see, I was tied to it with a rope, and my only salvation was to keep ahead of it. I thought I was going to succeed, and did succeed until we came to that sharp turning near where the Waloon committed his murder. There, to my horror, the trunk of the

tree struck against the granite rock and bounced over, dragging me and the bicycle after it."

"Suffering Peter!" I cried, "what a situation! Nothing but a mile of clear air between you and the bottom of the granite cliff!"

"Exactly," said George Washington, "I see you know the spot. Now it takes a good deal longer to drop a mile than most people think it does, and I believe, in fiction, that a man in such a position spends the time in going over all his past deeds, especially those of a sinful nature. I knew when I started there would not be time enough for me to conquer all the evil I had done during my short life; so I abandoned the attempt, and thought instead of how I could best save my bicycle, which was a new machine. I left the saddle, climbed down the rope, and took up a position on the butt end of the tree, which was going down

with the branches beneath; so I thought that if I could keep it in this



"I left the saddle, climbed down the rope, and took up a position on the butt end of the tree."

position the branches would act as a series of springs, whereas, if it turned and went down butt first, I should very likely get an arm broken, besides wrecking an expensive wheel, on which, unfortunately, there was no accident insurance. I resolved I would never travel in Switzerland again without insuring my bike. I found that by swinging my body this way and that, I could keep the tree in the perpendicular; so, pulling on the rope, I got the bicycle down to me, and tied it to a branch so that it would not flop about. I shall never forget the sickening sensation with which we reached the bottom. I had much trouble in hanging on to the butt of the tree when we struck, though my arms were clasped tightly round it. The branches acted just as I thought they would, and the next instant we had taken a great leap upward again. The tree hopped like a gigantic frog down the valley for about three-quarters of a mile, or

perhaps, to be strictly accurate, between half a mile and three-quarters, and, then subsiding, it dumped me gently into the torrent which flows at the bottom of the gigantic cliff. I was unhurt, but I regret to say that the handle-bar of my machine was bent a little and one of the pedals was knocked askew. However, these little accidents are bound to occur to a man who does much wheeling."

The train coming to a standstill at this point, I asked the boys if they had any more adventures, and they replied that they had only just begun, and had told me merely the commonplace occurrences which had befallen them. This being the case, I shook hands with the three of them, and sought another carriage. One sometimes gets enough of information in an hour to last him several weeks, and I thought it better not to overcrowd my mind by stuffing into it any more knowledge acquired from the three truthful bicyclers.

WITH THE COMING OF SPRING.

WHEN Spring comes into my swamp,
Soft-footed as any fawn,
The poplars blow to green
Like the lift of a magic dawn.

The alders, brown and bent,
Stir at her coming, too,
And toss their catkin blossoms
Up, and against the blue.

When Spring comes into my swamp,
Music and joy are rife;
The frogs come out to greet her,
Each with his silver fife:

All day, in the pale, green shadows,
All night, beneath the moon
They pipe to the Princess May-time,
And black-birds know the tune.

When Spring comes into my heart,
The *thoughts* start fifeing again;
The gladness wakes in my blood,
The magic wakes in my pen.

Theodore Roberts.



I.

THE King of Thulé had a cup
 From which he ever used to sup,
 A noble flagon!
 In high relief on either shield
 A dreadful combat was revealed
 Where doughty knights their falchions wield
 Against a dragon!

And, oh, it was a fearsome beast!
 Alive, it measured rods at least!
 'Twould make you gulp, sure!
 Each eye was fitted with a jewel,
 The Thing could almost see the duel,
 And, oh, its glance was deadly cruel,
 A trick of sculpture!

So fiercely showed the knotted claws,
 The spiky teeth, the horrid jaws,
 The scales so sheeny;
 So grandly strode each warring knight,
 Each link of maillet graced aright
 You would have thought the goldsmith wight
 A new Cellini.

For he had breathed the combat's rage,
 And fixed upon his golden page
 Each living gesture,
 And, then, to prove a milder art—
 No doubt the work was from his heart—
 The man had chosen to impart
 A leafy tressure!

But that is neither here nor there!
 'Tis not for us to tell his care
 Who did the carving.

Perhaps he was a handsome blade,
The pet of matron and of maid;
Perhaps the wretch was never paid
And died a-starving!

II.

That as it may! The King set store
Upon the cup for something more
Than art or mintage;
For Love and Death did there combine
To dulcify the sharpest wine,
And make the dullest liquor shine
A radiant vintage!

It stood to him for all the bliss
That ceremonious monarchs miss,
Constrained by fashion;
'Twas given to him by his spouse,
And though a servile world allows
A king some scope, he kept his vows
With loyal passion.

The minstrels sang her winsome grace,
The beauty of her form and face,
Her hair so Titian;
Her eyes full orb'd and dewy bright,
Her tiny hands and lily white,
Her twinkling footstep fairy light,
Yet quite patrician!

All this and more was in their lays,
And Thulé paid them for their praise
In brave largesses;
And in a world, with hatred rife,
The King of Thulé loved his wife,
And loved her truly all her life
And her caresses!

And ever, at the evening hour,
The flagon plenished in her bower,
The monarch sought her;
She kissed the cup for him to quaff,
He kissed his sweetheart with a laugh,
Then drained the posset to the draff
As it were water!

III.

Such was their wont until the war
Removed him to a distant shore
And much affrayed her;

For he was brave as he was true,
 And in the van his pennon flew,
 So much his anxious mistress knew
 Of her Crusader.

But one dark day a herald sped
 To speak the news "The King is dead!
 Alack to hear it!
 I got it in the Cairo mart;
 The bowyer said a Paythan dart
 Had found the monarch's mighty heart
 And loosed his spirit!"

A lily seared by winter's touch,
 A cushat in the falcon's clutch,
 So was her sorrow;
 The stricken lady made no moan,
 She bore a mortal grief alone,
 And, in her bower, they found her prone
 Upon the morrow!

E'en while her funeral dirges rolled
 Into the courtyard caracoled
 The King's Esquire!
 "God save the Queen!" he louted low.
 "The King of Thulé bids her know
 He lives and vanquishes his foe
 With carnage dire!"

Thus, though the bruit was proven false
 The lady slept among the vaults
 And mural brasses;
 Her beauty, marbled on her tomb,
 Shone sadly in the abbey gloom
 Midst holy chants and censer's fume
 And solemn masses.

IV.

And far away midst war's alarm
 The tidings steeled the monarch's arm
 To vengeful madness:
 And pondering his Queen's demise,
 Black fancies brooded in his eyes
 And craved a bloody sacrifice
 Unto his sadness.

But when, at length, the King returned
 And sought the tomb and her inurned,
 He rued his folly:

For gazing on her hallowed rest
The pain was softened in his breast
And chastened grief his heart oppressed
And melancholy.

And ever at the evening hour
He offered in her lonely bower
A Pater Noster.
The cup, her sweetest souvenir,
Oft showed the traces of a tear
And he would pray, though none might hear
He had not lost her.

And when, at last, he came to die,
He bade his courtiers lay him nigh
The cup he treasured.
"Now fill it to the brim!" he said.
"I drink to her ere I be sped,
And though the years have been as lead,
'Twas God who measured!"

"I drink to her in realms above!
My Queen, my wife, my only love ——!"
Naught further said he.
For having drunk his loyal toast,
This faithful King gave up the ghost
And passed unto the Heavenly Host
And to his lady.

Franklin Gadsby.



THE WIDOW OF MUMS.*

BY ERLE CROMER.

I.

THE old shoebox buggy stopped rattling when it got into the long shadow of the log shanty on the barley-stubble, but it soon began to squeak worse than ever. It was evident the old man would never get out feet first unless he climbed over the cracked dashboard and let himself down easy by the white tail of the old mare—whenever it stopped switching. He thought the way he got in was better, however, and began to ease himself out that way, like a cat coming out of an apple-tree. Suddenly the shanty door opened, a deep voice called "Caleb!" in a tone chock-full of admonition—and he hung on. Then came a swirl of dress goods over the parched grass, and in three seconds a massive gray wrapper stood by the front wheel. A pair of black cuffs went up about on a level with a black straw hat tied into a poke with black strings over black hair; under which a pair of dark-circled eyes and a heavy upper lip seemed to have it all their own way in a look of austere, almost Roman benignity. It was the Widow Falconer.

"Jist let yourself right plumb go, Caleb," she said in a tone of emergency. "The idee o' you with your rheumatiz a-tryin' to git out of a buggy alone!"

"Yes, Nervy," squeaked little Caleb, dangling one greenish trouser leg to find the foot-rest below; when clutch! went one black cuff on to his dusty shoulder, the other one at his knee, and the whole tottlish concern, except the buggy-box itself, fell into the

widow's arms. Now it was not the first time Caleb Tooze had felt the widow's gladiator muscles in contact with his anatomy; but it seemed to him by the time he got to the grass at her feet that Saturday evening as if she had never felt him with such searching rigor before. Of course, he was pretty dusty, as she said; yet she began to manipulate his stubby frame as if she had been a masseur and he a crippled athlete; but then he hadn't been to town for a year, and he wouldn't need the "good coat" again for another one at least.

"Now, Caleb," she said in a tone of absolute dictation, "when you git your supper you go right straight to bed. The table's ready sot an' Pen-see'll pour the tea; but she ain't to read to you to-night, not a word. I put the bricks in the oven, fer I knowed you'd be fetchin' a cold back with you on to your rheumatiz, an' dear knows, as I say, a cold in summer-time's worse'n a mortgage on a poor farm; it never let's go. How's your head now, Caleb?" as she stroked back the stray hairs from his forehead.

"Pretty dang bad, Nervy. Kind o' aches clear across the top—"

"Kind o' down over the eyes, too, like a soggy, wet mornin' in harvest," suggested the widow as she pushed back the old man's head and glared down into his little eyes. "Yes, I know. Caleb, rheumatiz is like new lye on cloes. It gits in and eats, and all the king's horses can't git it out. It's terrible."

"Terble!" squeaked Caleb. "That's what all the alminicks says an' I heerd

* "The Widow of Mums" is a study in rural Ontario life. The chief characters are: the Widow Falconer, ambitious and crafty; her two children, Molly and Peart; Rudge Moss, a bulky and innocent farmer; Pensee Vale, the school-teacher; and miserly old Caleb Tooze, upon whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to reconstruct the fortunes of her family. The story is an oddity in Canadian literature, and is from the pen of a young Canadian of much promise. It will run through six numbers.—EDITOR.

a fellow only this afternoon on the market——"

"'Bout it flyin' to the head," interrupted the widow. "My land yes, like a wild Injun! Caleb!" she added sternly, "you'll have to make this your last trip to town. We can't 'ford to have you committin' soocide like this. There, you better go on in to Pensee now."

"I tell you, Miss Vale," with a superb poise of her right black cuff as she turned to a slender red-robed figure in the doorway, "none so seein' as them that will see. Poor Caleb! he's shrinkin' like a gansy in the wash. What a turkey-affle we be in this life anyhow when it's which an' tother to see who'll be grabbed next."

"But land!" she ejaculated, seizing her ponderous skirt as she made one majestic stride to the buggy, "here I be talkin' to you an' Caleb like I do to my own Molly an' Pearty to hum; when the dear knows you're both childern, sech lonely, innocent bein's as you be too with no one to mother yous, an' this bein' your first school, Pensee, an' the first girl we ever had into it; why, it's a shame, as I say, an' it ud be a sin at our very doors if anything wuz to happen to Caleb livin' here alone as he does with log-heaps most into his back door. Now don't forgit the bricks, Caleb," she added sternly, "you see he minds 'em, Pensee; but 'e mustn't set up late. Whoa, Fanny, whoa! why I declare if the sun ain't clear down an' me an' Molly with six cows to milk! Good-night, Pensee. Caleb——"

The old man turned on the thresh-old.

"Now don't forgit the bricks in the oven," she said impressively, and set her foot on the step. One black cuff on the dash, the other on the seat, she lifted her massive frame into poise; the buggy lurched like a ship in a storm; she swung superbly into the seat; the springs sank, and too full almost to rattle the buggy turned and followed the gray mare across the stubble into the lane.

As she turned over the bridge at the

road the widow could see at a single sweeping glance in the sober light of the summer evening the whole of Mums; from the drab school and white church at the jog to the left, to the south woods and fields of tasseling corn, with snug houses and barns, along the concession clear to the solid wall of the Canada Company woods under the yellow west. She didn't own it all. If she had she might not have been quite so careful over Caleb Tooze and his ride to town that Saturday afternoon. If she hadn't been second cousin to Caleb she might not have owned the big square house with the green shutters behind the maples next farm up; and Caleb might not have borrowed her old shoebox buggy to ride to town.

It took the old mare a good while to jog across Caleb Tooze's two hundred; but she was long through her oats and down to grass in the quince-orchard that night before the widow went to sleep. That Saturday afternoon and that ride to town had been a conundrum to the widow. She liked conundrums; but if she could have solved this one by an examination of bachelor Caleb Tooze's anatomy she would have kept him in his dooryard brushing dust from his "good coat" till it got so dark he couldn't tell it from the grass. Yet she knew as well as she knew most other things of importance that transpired outside her line fences that, somewhere within the limits of the old man's greenish homespun when she lifted him out of the buggy that evening, was the reason of that ride to town on the last Saturday of August, 1884; also the key to the riddle that had kept her generous soul on the rack now about the eighth new moon.

II.

That night two men, one with an axe the other with a lantern, sat on the widow's line fence at the rear of the corn field on Caleb Tooze's. The dog climbed it and started on a trip into the corn. The big slashing of log-heaps behind Caleb's shanty was still. Caleb's end windows with green blinds

gleamed along the front of it. The few katydids in the bush back of the log-heaps stopped screeching whenever the dog snuffed and rustled back near the edge of the corn.

"Guess there ain't been no coon in yet, Peart," said a deep voice after a prolonged silence. The speaker, who was squatted heavily with his boot-heels clenched on the third rail down, held out his axe at arm's length. "Put yer lantern on, Peart," he said. "Then you kin kick as often as you like, an' if you don't kick off the lantern with your arms folded I'll bet I don't wobble the axe as long as you tech it."

Peart, reclining lightly at the corner of the panel merely grunted for response. He was not in kicking mood that night. If he had been, Rudge Moss, his six-foot chum who could stand in a half bushel and shoulder a bag of wheat with his teeth, need not have challenged him twice. Peart was something of a wildcat in both build and temper. Rudge was a bear in physique. United they were as capable a team as could have been found in that part of South Ontario between Erie and St. Clair. Divided they had never been as yet. Rudge never expected they would be; for he was the most guileless, unsuspecting nature in Mums. Peart sometimes vaguely surmised that if matters ever did come to such a state of rupture his best hold would be either to trip Rudge flat on his back with one foot, or use both in getting out of range.

Rudge Moss had never been farther than Detroit in his life. He never wanted to be, except to make one trip to Niagara Falls. He liked to stay round where he could see the marks of his hands, and he had left a good many on Mums, for there had not been a logging-bee, a barn-raising or a pond-scraping in ten years on the Mums concession that he had failed to attend. He was ready to go to as many more before he should settle down to marry some able-bodied girl who could stand as much sunlight as he could without writing poems about it. Rudge was a worker. He had rather chop a cord of wood than play a game of cards.

Peart Falconer was different. He could do more things with a machine or a team of horses than Rudge could dream about. But a farm was no paradise to him. He hated farming. Peart had always been an omnivorous reader; not of dime novels nor of any worse books than he had chanced to pick up about the house during the years his mother boarded the school-teachers. Byron's Poems and the History of Canada more than anything else. As far as the latter was concerned he knew Wolfe, Mackenzie and Tecumseh better than Lord Durham. When a lad at the drab school he would permit no boy able to spell *cat* to be anything but a rebel or a patriot, a Frenchman or an Englishman, a Yankee or a Canuck, as the humour suited him. He was a born leader of other boys, and personated both Wolfe and Mackenzie in the schoolyard without troubling himself at all over the dramatic distinctions. Both, to his imagination, were heroes fighting against long-established tyranny. He always wanted the best snowballer, wrestler or boxer to champion the opposite. He always insisted upon Rudge Moss, in spite of his loyalist affinities, for Montcalm; and, whenever the north wind heaped the snow higher than the school fence he set all the boys to work with shovels and corn baskets piling it higher and steeper. Fifty pails of water over the top and a keen starlit night made the precipice a glare of ice. The next day at the noon-spell was fought the historic battle of the Plains of Abraham. Handsleighs along the foot of the embankment served for a flotilla on the great river, from the first of which, amid the rapt stillness of the girls looking on, Peart would declaim with tragic emphasis and bared head the famous verse ending with "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," always varying the equally famous postlude of the great chieftain thus—"Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec, if the gentlemen on the height are cowards." Then would begin the ascent; the battle followed soon, the

dramatic denouement of which never failed to be a duel and a wrestle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the verge, climaxed by both locked in each other's arms hurtling headlong to the pile of soft snow beneath where, with ordinaries and dippers of water to command, they simultaneously gasped out their lives.

These were the diversions of school-days. Rudge and Peart never took star parts in military dramas again; but often at night in the haymow after a coon hunt, or on a wet day at a bee, Rudge, with many others, had listened while Peart, with flashing eye and struck pose, told the story of Queens-ton Heights or Moraviantown. Peart never failed to deliver a special eulogy on Tecumseh, "the Indian brave, whose people once owned a continent, shedding his blood to keep Canada for Canadians." Rudge always led in the applause. He never understood the military rapture of his boon companion, but he admired it.

Latterly, however, Peart had begun to take less and less interest in these glowing recitals. He became taciturn, moody and reclusive, fond of little company but Rudge, fonder still of his own, in the forest or behind his favourite team of iron-greys. Mums had passed into humdrum for him. He was ready on any reasonable pretext to shake the dust of it from his feet forever.

That late August night Peart was more restless than usual. Rudge knew it; but he was more ignorant of the reason than he was of the whereabouts of the coon Collie was trying to track in the corn. He was absorbed in that. Peart Falconer wouldn't have ran ten rods after a coon that night if the corn-field had been full of them.

Still the dog rustled in the corn, and Rudge continued to listen; when suddenly a narrow oblong of light, broken by the dark, slight figure of someone, appeared between Caleb Tooze's windows.

"Hum!" grunted Rudge. "Guess Pensee's sett'n up 'th Cale t'night. Haint a bad little figger—is she, Peart? Time she was gitt'n home, though, or

she'll git 'er feet wet. I mind maw speakin' to 'er 'bout that this aft'noon 'fore she started out. Guess she's bin keepin' shanty for Cale while he was 'way to town. Wonder why the ol' man wouldn' leave the house alone? Mus' be a pile 'o money in it, Peart, hey? Rich ol' miser, ain't 'e? Pshaw! that dog's a long time gitt'n on trail."

Rudge was already so intent again on the movements of the dog that he failed to notice Peart, who had sprung off the fence and now paced restlessly up and down along the narrow strip of blue-grass at the edge of the corn.

"Here, Collie," shouted Rudge as the dog puffed sopping out of the corn and flopped himself in the fence corner like a side of pork, "You git in there agin. George! anybody ud think you had the azma the way you snort. Hit 'im a kick, Peart. I wonder if there is a coon in here anyhow."

The dog rustled back. Peart leaned over the fence looking away into the straggled forest behind Rudge where the katydid were.

"S— say!" whistled Rudge, whopping his big bulk about so suddenly on the rail that the fence shook five panels each way, "You're gitt'n' the mumps I guess. Well, if I knowed haf as much 'bout Can'dy as you I'd see more of it'n Mums 'fore next 24th o' May. Pensee says yuh know more 'bout C'najun hist'ry now 'n she ever 'xpec's to; an' she's no commoner. Say she is a neat figger, though, aint she Peart? Tell yuh 'taint ever' man's door she'd darken that way neither. Seems kin' o' queer, though, she's suh free 'th ol' Cale when she's suh shy 'th rest uv us. Pshaw! 'f I had your edication—"

"You wouldn't be a reckless fool that reads books and can't pay his debts," was the gloomy rejoinder.

"Pshaw! Go easy now. A man 'th a head like you got aint no right to say 'e's a fool. 'Taint read'n books put yuh in debt."

"When your folks put money in the bank, while we can't keep up the interest on a mortgage," broke in Peart tersely. "When the good crops

come on your place and the weeds on ours. When you sit together on winter nights round the same fire and think one another's thoughts; and we sit apart. My mother hatches expectations. I read books. Molly can't fathom us. She's honest."

"Yuh can put that 'n your Bible an' read it, yuh bet," replied Rudge promptly. "Her name's Falc'ner too, same as yours."

"And my mother's," came the ironical rejoinder, "the woman who plays vulture to Caleb Tooze, ready for the last twitch," he added bitterly. "It's fifteen years now since she's rented this place year by year. Two hundred a year puts three thousand in Caleb Tooze's possession somewhere; for all he eats comes from us and he wears the same clothes now he wore when my father died. But for every dollar we've paid him we've beggared ourselves and piled up the mortgage; we've made ourselves a nest of deadbeats; we go about from store to store hunting credit; we trade now at the little crossroad shops in the suburbs since the little self-respect we have left won't permit us to go on the thoroughfare. We despise industry and thrift. Life's a game. Better spend it gloating over the few threads left in an old man's life than toiling to be honourable. 'Twas harder once; easy now since habit makes it. But the esteemed relative will die soon. We're his sole connexions. We expect to be his heirs, my mother and I, to both land and money. Therefore we cringe and play spy. Bah!"

All which was delivered in so gloomy a tone that Rudge could only split an elm stump that stood in the fence corner into kindling for reply. Peart's pessimism was as deep a puzzle to him as his boyish military fervour used to be.

"Peart," he said in a low voice, as he peered through the corn tops at the shanty. "She's a neat figger, aint she? Yes, an' by George she's good! She don't know it neither, or want anybody else to."

"Modesty!" muttered Peart half

absently in reply, as he too looked through the corn tops at the narrow oblong of light in the shanty. "Well, better that than a bold face. But a girl's eyes may tremble under their lashes, one way to please, another way to madden. She pleases you; she maddens me. She thinks because a man's a man, he's a conspirator against her. She holds her womanhood against all the world beside. Well, it's a big world. She may need a man to help her meet it some day."

"An' she's the kind a man 'ud go through fire an' water to help, eh Peart?" suggested Rudge, glad to get his moody companion off on subjects of chivalry.

"Whether she scorn's you or not —?"

"Sure!" responded Rudge. "Say, I'd fight fer a c'nary. George, that dog's a long time. There, she's gone agin," as a slight thud came from the shanty.

The conversation drifted on to fist-cuffs then, and from that to fighting in general. Peart's views of militarism were different from Rudge's. Rudge thought a man should fight for his country and its government, however strong or weak it might be. He believed a Canadian was as good a fighter as an Englishman, and therefore one of the best in the world. Peart sniffed at that. He didn't care what breed a man was if his cause was just. Women had a good deal to do with war. They should value their lovers' lives more than the empty glory of their deaths on a battlefield. He thought women's love for men was very much like their love for birds; better the dead skin of one on a hat than a live one singing in a tree.

Rudge was about to make a spirited reply on behalf of patriotism and woman's rights when —

Ouh—ouh—ouh! half across the cornfield came the smothered yelp of the dog.

"Gol! There 'e goes," shouted Rudge, as he almost shoved the fence down getting off. "S—ick 'im Collie, s— sik, s— sik! Here gimme the

light, Peart. Hooraw! S—sik, s—sik!"

Across the corn-headland he plunged into the slashing, just as the dog shot across it like a cannon ball and, yelp on yelp, tore through the jumpiles towards the bush. Rudge didn't wait to see whether Peart followed or not. That coon was leaving hot tracks behind him across that slashing at the rate of about a mile a minute. So was the dog. So, as near as possible, was Rudge. Round the jumpiles, through the underbrush, over the logs, smashing limbs, log trail or none, didn't care which, but yelling s—sik! s—sik! at every yelp of the dog fainter and fainter towards the bush.

"Let him go!" muttered Peart as he listened. "He'll have the thing treed, the second time too likely, long enough before I get there, and be as happy over it as a girl in love. To-morrow he'll go to Sunday school and read verses. I'll go to the woods and say Byron. We'll go driving together at night. Ah! we must play mask with fine phrases—for when a man's mother teaches him to be a knave he must pick his way; and so I will. Now let evil fight my good. Let conscience say which is worse; that the money we have sucked from our living and our honesty to miser for Caleb Tooze should be mine, and my just debts begin to be paid; or that I should continue to play rogue to honest men while I help my mother pray for the quick death of our only relative by blood. H'm! 'Tis a heavy question. But it must be settled—this night!"

The quick stroke of an axe across the slashing roused Peart from his reverie. He sprang into the corn.

Five minutes later he crouched on the step of the shanty.

III.

Caleb Tooze's shanty was as much like the harem of a Sultan as he desired it: rusty Fortune stove at one end, bare table in the middle, bedstead in one far corner the same colour as the walnut cupboard in the other; rickety puncheon floor; gray log walls with

clay in the chinks. The wind was his most frequent visitor. Minerva Falconer was next. Both came without knock, for both were welcome. Pensee Vale, who was more welcome than either, always knocked.

That Saturday night Calebsat hunched over his knees in his favourite chair with no back, near the stove; one leg over the other, one hand clutching his stick, the other, shaking like a leaf, on top of that. Caleb seemed to have a good deal of life in his hands. Years of neglect had stubbled his chin; years of self-consideration had wrinkled his brow. During fifteen of these, ever since the death of her husband, Minerva Falconer had ministered to Caleb's domestic needs. He knew she expected the farm as soon as he was done with it; he expected her to get it. That was as much practical benevolence as Caleb had ever known; until Pensee Vale came to Mums and flung a subdued radiance into the cobwebbed nooks and crannies of his little existence that almost charmed the selfishness clear out of it. That Saturday she had kept house while he went to town. She didn't know why he had insisted upon her doing so. He didn't intend that she should, at present.

Having washed the supper-dishes, Pensee sat in the stubby rocker by the table, book at her elbow. She had the face of a child. The shadow of beauty lurked in it, fitfully revealed as the new moon through clouds, obedient to the timorous, undeveloped emotions within. Dark eyes, with long, downward lashes, enhanced the native pallor of her features; eyes whose full light of resolution no one had ever seen, essentially fugitive as yet. At times the transcendent gleam of maidenhood shone there, fearless in solitude or in the presence of the old man. But the touch of a finger sends the leaves of the sensitive plant into coil, jealous of their secret. Pensee shrank from sociability. Of one fact she was supremely conscious: her maidenhood. Other facts, equally great and cognate to that she strove to ignore.

As far as Caleb Tooze was concern-

ed Pensee Vale and Minerva Falconer were the only two women in the world. He never forgot which was which. Minerva didn't intend that he should. She had been accustomed to consider herself the sun about which Caleb performed the tiny, gradually contracting orbit of his life. Some day there would be a crash, and as far as she knew astronomy only the sun would be left.

But Caleb's orbit had become somewhat eccentric of late. The only perturbing element the widow could see was Pensee Vale; the child whom, as far as inclinations went, she could have absorbed into her life as the baobab sucks the dew.

All that Saturday afternoon, during his ride to town, in the lawyer's office, and home again, Caleb Tooze had revolved in his mind the separate pictures of these two women. He was doing it still.

"Say, sis," he squeaked, as he poked Pensee's foot with his cane and looked over his shoulder at the door, "you know Nervy Falc'ner. Well, she's a wise gal, but—"

Caleb paused, clutched tremulously at his coat-pocket and let his dry face fry into a chuckle. Many years before Caleb had a laugh in his face somewhere. That chuckle was the ghost of it. He almost had to cough it up. But he felt extremely jolly.

"Nervy's a wise gal," he went on, "but it takes two to hust both sides of a corn-shock to onct. Hee—hee—hee!"

Caleb gave a nameless squirm to his shrunken anatomy as he delivered this, evidently quite pleased at having the floor in the absence of Minerva.

"Takes two fer a lot o' things, sis," he chuckled on again, leaning forward till his wizened head hung like a dead flower on a stalk. His little eyes gleamed like fireflies into the deep, placid shadow of Pensee's.

"Two fer a marryin' sis. Huh? Hee—hee—hee!"

The old man drew back in sheer ecstasy and hugged himself, throwing up one foot and his cane almost as

high as his head. Then he settled over his knees again.

"Two fer a bargain, sis," he went on more soberly. "One to be, 'tother to do. Mh—mh! Don't matter to the one's long's the other's left. Hah? Better git the bricks, sis," he jerked abruptly, as he clapped his left heel on to his right toe and pulled off a boot.

Pensee rose, and, taking a blanket from the bed, removed the bricks from the oven. Kneeling at the old man's feet she pulled off his other boot while he grabbed the stove-hearth. Then she placed the bricks.

"An' when 'taint marryin' er buryin' it's bornin'," went on the sage reflectively. "Mh—mh!" absently, as his scrawny fingers stroked the smooth oval of her white chin. "Takes two fer that, too. Poor little sis! Nev' knowed your mother, did yeh?"

Pensee looked wonderingly up into the old man's face. She had never known him so benevolently epigrammatical as before.

"Father Caleb," she said, brushing away a quick tear with the back of her hand like any child, "you musn't make me cry about the little mother. Poor mother! she didn't live long enough to tell her only child what she wanted her to do. And so Pensee goes on teaching the children. After all, sir, I guess if she knew it she'd be pleased, wouldn't she?"

Pensee's simple earnestness pleased the old man. She was sitting artlessly on the rough floor now, hands clasped at her knee, gazing absently into the fire. It may have been the firelight that flickered from her red wrapper on to her chin and chased itself so delicately up into her pale cheeks. The old man saw it, and bending forward, let his tremulous fingers wander into her hair.

"Mh—mh!" he chuckled on merrily, "but it takes two fer a marryin', sis. Better take the ol' bach's advice, an' be one of 'em when the time comes. Then yeh won't have to set 'lone in a shanty when you're old er teach other folkses' chillen for a livin'. Mh—mh!"

"Conscience!" murmured Pensee with a faint smile, "I wonder what a girl is, anyway. 'Marry,' says one. 'Marry not,' says another. Foolish enough either way, says she. Mh! Now if one had but a wise little mother to ask, then might one find out. For as I know my own name I know two ways about a girl. One way she's as natural and happy as a flower. Another way—mh—h! Father Caleb," looking up into the old man's face, "I wonder if all girls when they talk about getting married feel as light as their words? Then I think we should be dolls and not girls; wax, not flesh and blood. For when I think most deeply on love and marriage I have most fear of something in nature and self I know less of than the very stars. No, no, Father Caleb," as she sprang up and flinging both arms round the old man's neck, kissed his withered cheek, "Pensee Vale came to Mums to teach the children—nothing more; but to love them, and you."

"An' as sure as the ruf's higher'n the floor," said Caleb, as he caught her hand, "the man's in Mums that'll marry yeh."

"And as sure as I respect my own true self, Father Caleb," replied Pensee solemnly, "the prophecy never'll come true."

Pensee's deep eyes shone with a rare light; the light that some day perhaps must be their only safeguard against bitterest tears. She went to the door, pulled it slightly ajar and stood on the threshold.

And all the while the old man craned his neck and watched her, hungrily, passionately.

Suddenly Pensee turned, as a dog snuffed near the step, and with a quick little laugh shut the door and sat down in the stubby rocker by the table. Without waiting for an invitation she began to read.

It was Evangeline. The low, quick creak of the rocker blended rhythmically with the dreamy amble of the verse; and as Pensee read and rocked a subdued light of quite childish absorption came into her features.

"Bent like the labouring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent but not broken by age was the form of the notary public—"

Caleb closed his eyes and shrank into a heap over his knees as he listened to the drowsy music. Suddenly the bark of a dog sounded just west of the shanty. He started.

"Mh!" he mumbled without opening his eyes, "coonin', I guess. Peart Falc'ner an' Rudge Moss likely; it's Rudge's dog anyhow. Mus' be gitt'n 'long cent' the R's then I guess; Se'tember, 'Ctober, N'vember, 'Cember, Janywary, March, Aprile. Mh—mh. All good coon-months them. May an' June's bes' fer marryin', I guess; any of 'em's good fer the bornin'; haint none of 'em ver' good fer buryin'. Takes two fer that; one of 'em don't know—that's all right; 'tother one's left—that's all right too if she's happy 'long o' what's left. Mh—mh! Go ahead with yer yarn, sis. Don't sound suh bad. 'T's like the way the ol' mare used to canter on the Injun trail, over a cradle-knoll, under a lim'. Kerwhollup, kerwhol—kerwh—"

Caleb's criticism of the metre of Evangeline died away into a low grunt-ing. Pensee read on.

Presently she paused to listen. Through the almost dead stillness of the old shanty sounded the faint regular stroke of an axe. Soon a tree fell, followed by the smothered yelp of a dog. It seemed too still after that to read.

Caleb's chair creaked. "It's all right, sis," he mumbled dreamily without opening his eyes, "Nervy kin run this place jes' long 'z she likes; but she'll never git the ole man out o' this shanty not tell 'e's toted out; an' when Cale Tooze says not there aint no use hitchin' on a team. Kind o' thought onct or twict I might pick up an' go over to Nervy's fer the winter, hed such a cold on to my rheumatiz she said. But it's all right now—kerwhollup, kerwol—, kerwh—."

His breath came regularly now with half a grunt. A spider slid down from a joist in the ceiling and began to ex-

plore the bald spot on Caleb's head. He snored on. Pensee saw it and smiled, closed her book, quietly fixed the fire, pinned loosely an old shawl from the bed about the old man's "good coat" that he had worn to town that day and silently tiptoed out.

As she stepped into the dewy ragweed of the stubble she started and almost dropped her book. She scarcely dared look back at the corner of the shanty, but trembling she did. She saw nothing but the dim outlines of the log heaps; listened, only the faint, far tap of the axe like the slow drip of water into a pool. She glanced about; the lights of Mums were gone; a star or two hung above the dark shadow of the woods; all the rest seemed flocking into the great round deep above and fading there into a wreath of white smoke.

She must have been near the road when a swift figure glided from the log heaps on to the doorstep of Caleb Tooze and listened; softly the door opened, letting out a flood of light; as softly it closed again, shutting in the tall, lithe form of Peart Falconer.

Peart crouched low; one long arm reached and gradually turned down the light. Slowly the old bedstead faded into the wall, the stove into a glimmering shadow, the gray head of the old man into a faint blur.

One moment of suspense when Peart Falconer's fingers crooked in the dark and the hot blood burned his ears.

The chair creaked. He started back crouching lower. The old man was talking in his sleep.

"Mh—mh! Nervy's got her chillen;

I got mine. Shanty's gitt'n pretty old. Nervy 'll make sheephouse out of it likely; come een prit' handy fer sheep. But 'z long 'z ther's any puncheons in the floor an' any good in a writin', Nervy Falc'ner ain't goin' to git Cale Tooze's money. Poor little sis! Don' nev' wanta quit teachin'; nev' wanta git married; nev' wanta have no chillen 'cep' other folkses? Mh—mh! Over a cradle-knoll, under a lim', kerwhollup! kerwhol—! kerwh—! ker—! k—!"

The old man snored again. Easy came and went his aged breath. Little with all his dreaming dreamed he that before him in the shadow of that hut crouched one in whose young life there strove like a demon, the spirit of evil; who but for those few broken words of sleep had let his swift fingers execute the crime that now lay strangling in his soul.

The shanty was dark, but, as it were a guardian angel in the gloom over the old man's chair, Peart Falconer saw the pale face of Pensee Vale with its child-eyes and dark hair. That money under the puncheon floor was hers. The will was in the old man's pocket. And if all the spirits of evil had waited at his beck, Pearl Falconer could not have laid a finger on either. Side by side in his guilty consciousness struggled the criminal desire and the aspiration. It was the beginning of strife.

The door opened letting in the cool breath of the dew; a star or two under the doorjamb; closed again. The old man snored on; alone.

To be Continued.



A GALICIAN WEDDING.

A North-West Incident.

HE wanted to be married. His name was Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn, which alone, one would think, was sufficient to keep him a bachelor.

He was a Galician; the benevolent Canadian Government, in its inscrutable wisdom, had seen fit to invite him to come over from his country of serfdom to the land of freedom and broad acres.

And Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn came; and his path was a path of roses and his entry like that of a conqueror (for the pet hobby of the Canadian Government at that time happened to be the Galician Immigration Scheme), and Government officials did pet him and gush exceedingly.

But other settlers, who had had the misfortune not to be born in Galicia, did not gush—not much; but they said bad words and growled unpleasantly as they saw tracts of Canadian land converted into Galician settlements.

Fort Sturgeon is in Alberta, N.W.T., Canada: there is a Galician settlement close to the Fort, and to this settlement Nikolai came.

And there he took up land and did his best to become a Canadian by mixing only with his own people, speaking his own language, and clinging to the ways and customs of his native country. And, after his fashion, he prospered, for if he made but little money he spent nothing; so he was either hoarding his wealth or sending it to friends in Galicia—which, of course, was very creditable to him, and eminently satisfactory to the people of Canada.

Now there was at the Fort a Church of England missionary, who would have satisfied Amyas Leigh.

Read your "Westward Ho!" and you will find that Amyas Leigh was of

opinion that a clergyman, being more than a man, must first be a manly man. And the Reverend Bertram Holcombe was a manly man, good at all sports and games and never afraid of cold and hardships while doing his duty.

And people from other flocks than the Church of England often came to him for his ministrations.

To the Reverend Bertram Holcombe came, one day, Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn.

He was dressed, after his wont, in the usual uniform of the Galician peasant, which consists of a collection of loose, shapeless, more or less dirty-looking garments, neutral tinted. Of course, he wore a greasy sheepskin coat with the wool inside; and he brought into the Reverend Bertram's house the perfume of old Russia.

Nikolai had been more than three years in Canada, and it was a remarkable fact that he could speak English fairly well; so, after a few moments, during which he shuffled his feet and twirled his high fur cap, he stammered:

"Melinka, Papa, (little father), you marry me? Eh? Yes?" And he smiled an expansive smile.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Holcombe. "Have you a marriage license? Paper from Mr. Fraser, you know, paper for marrying?"

"Oh, yes—paper—I got good paper, good for marry anybody!" and he drew from some mysterious recess in his blouse a crumpled piece of paper.

The Reverend Bertram unfolded it and found to his surprise that it was the certificate of the death of one Aniska, wife of Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn.

And it was dated only three months back.

"I am afraid that this paper will not

be enough," said the parson. "This is not a marriage license; this is a certificate of the death of your wife."

"Oh, yes," politely but firmly persisted Nikolai. "That all the same good for marry. She dead, very dead; been dead long time. I can marry any peoples."

"Now look here; you don't understand. No doubt your wife is dead; but before you can marry again you must get a marriage license from Mr. Fraser, a paper with your name and the name of the lady you are going to marry written upon it. You pay Mr. Fraser two dollars for the paper and then come here with the lady, and then we can arrange about the wedding."

"Ah, but I have not woman's name. How do then?"

"Well, you can find out that, I suppose. Where is the lady?"

And then Nikolai told his artless little tale, and it ran thus:

At that time there was, on the way from Galicia to Canada, a party of Galician damsels who were destined to become the wives of the pioneers who had come out before them. This party was daily expected to arrive at Fort Sturgeon, and the wily Nikolai, thinking to get ahead of his fellows, had struck upon the ingenious idea of having the best chance and the first choice by making arrangements for his marriage before he saw his bride. For he was determined that a bride he would have.

Then Mr. Holcombe took infinite pains to explain to him what he would have to do before there could be a successor to the late Mrs. Pschitzchisoffsni—and, of all the preliminaries, the choice of a wife appeared to Nikolai to be the easiest and most simple.

A few days later Nikolai again presented himself before the Reverend

Bertram Holcombe. This time Nikolai was accompanied by a sturdy, Galician damsel, a hard-featured, strong-limbed woman, evidently a worker and a bearer of burdens.

The woman was dressed rather curiously for a bride.

On her head was a coloured handkerchief; her hair was uncombed, dusty and somewhat straggly; over a shapeless blouse she wore a long, greasy, sheepskin coat which reached to her knees; below this coat was to be seen a pair of heavy boots, into which her bare feet were thrust.

And this time Nikolai had provided himself with the proper papers, so the Reverend Bertram Holcombe married them; and at the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-wedded pair knelt and kissed the clergyman's hand, much to his embarrassment.

Now, in the Northwest it is no unusual thing for the bridegroom to be unable to pay a fee in cash; often it is paid in kind—flour, meat, or, perhaps, furs.

So the Reverend Bertram was not surprised to hear Nikolai say: "Me poor man, poor chelevik; Eurena, my woman, poor woman; got no money."

The Reverend Bertram was used to that formula, but the next thing Nikolai said was refreshingly novel.

"Dobre Papa (good father), give me fifty cents and I pray for you sometime."

And Nikolai got his fifty cents and went off with his bride; and afterwards the Reverend Bertram Holcombe missed a valuable meerschaum pipe.

I think Nikolai, the Galician, deserves to succeed in this country; for it is not every man who can secure, in one day, fifty cents, a meerschaum pipe—and a wife.

Basil C. d'Easum.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE SAMOA AFFAIR—THE MODERN SLAUGHTERS—RUSSIA AT HERAT—
RITUALISM—THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

WE are assured with a certain smug complacency that the Samoa affair is not likely to cause a rupture between the powers concerned. A joint commission to consider the situation is on its way to the islands and in nearly all these cases when time is gained the outlook becomes peaceful. The way is opened for a graceful retreat on someone's part and with a little of the oil of compromise all round, matters are got working again. The conclusion will doubtless be that the tripartite government of the islands is a failure, and we shall probably see a division of them among the three powers. Germany has unquestionably the largest interest in them, her purchases from the islanders being \$225,000 as compared with \$22,000 by the two other powers and her sales to them are over one-half greater than the combined sales of the other two. In all conscience, therefore, Germany has excellent reason for her interest in the Samoans.

While, then, there is no danger of a war among the great powers there has been already the customary sprinkling of blood on the altars of Empire. Three gallant young officers and a number of the unconsidered Jackies have, in Kipling's phrase, salted Samoa with their bones, and we may be sure that in the slaughter of the enemy their manes were appeased ten to one. We read of the ships riding along shore belching out death from their dread sides on the offending villagers. I venture to say that most people are beginning to make a wry face as they continue to read of these battues of savages, the red details of which have been strung through the press for months past. Beginning with Omdurman, carried on at Manila and, let us hope, wound up at Apia, we have had in our mind's

eye the spectacle of savages being torn and minced by machine guns and shrapnel with each morning's issue of the papers. It may all have been very necessary. There is no doubt that the rule of the Khalifa in the Soudan was a perfect nightmare of horrors, and the slaughter needed to bring it to an end was like the amputation that saves a life.

Indeed, in all the cases we are furnished with excellent reasons why the giant should have his meal of raw meat and bloody bones. At Manila the hecatomb is made necessary because the ignorant savages cannot see that the people who are raking them fore and aft with grape and canister are the best friends they have in the world. They have no excuse for their benighted condition, for President McKinley's commission has assured them by proclamation of the philanthropic spirit that actuates the Americans and the exceeding regret that fills their hearts at being obliged to kill them. Aguinaldo and his Tagalos must necessarily be profoundly interested in these proclamations, but the first thing to strike them would be that of the thing about which they fight, namely, the desire of the natives to be independent of foreign rule, there is not one word. This is rather strange, is it not? It is as if two men should have a dispute about the ownership of a horse and the one who had possession should issue a proclamation to the other telling him how he worshipped justice, humanity, honesty, and all the other virtues, and how he hated tyranny and oppression, but omitted to say anything about the horse. If in their proclamation the Americans assured the much-harassed Filipinos that the question of their independence would in due time be left to their own choice freely expressed,

the fighting would, we think, soon cease.

It would require a professional casuist to decide whether civilization has done more harm than good among savage people. The history of the slave trade in Africa transcends in horror and deviltry the utmost imagination of man. The rule of most African chiefs is a continual carnival of fiendish cruelty, the extirpation of which would be a gain to humanity, even if whole tribes had to be blotted out in the process. But there is another side to the shield. Most people have read Capt. Cook's voyages, and under his guidance have re-discovered those island paradises in the Pacific to whose shores his ships brought anything but health and peace. Capt. Cook was a humane, large-hearted seaman, and, no doubt, thought he was according the islanders a boon in making them known to the white world. Many of these dots of territory in the ocean could well have figured as the Islands of the Blest, with their fervent skies, fat soil, and inhabitants without a care, and almost without an ache. Civilization will not be pleased with her image if she gathers it as reflected from these once happy isles. The fate of the easy, indolent, merry, thoughtless aborigines is one of the hideous offences that she or her accompanying brood has to answer for.

Stevenson, in his Vailima letters, tells his friend Colvin of the tremendous struggle he is having in clearing a plantation for himself—how he fought with the forest, and with its tropical luxuriance it grew almost as fast as he cut it down. How amused the natives must have been to witness his exertions! They feasted daily on the abundance that the wild, uncultivated forest supplied, while the poor consumptive, was hastening the end with his British idea of having things shipshape, and toiling for what nature in Samoa yields without toil. Could two such races ever be got to understand each other? The black man may respond that the

white man does not take up the burden but puts it on *him*. When he subdues the black man he sets him at work and then the wonder is that before he had the good fortune to meet with his white friend he lived very much better and did not have to work at all. This is in accordance with the gospel of work, which is the cardinal tenet in the white man's creed.

It is enough to make the forebears of Nicholas turn in their graves to see him writing, or having written, a pretty little note to the European press, thanking everybody for the interest displayed in the coming Peace Congress at the Hague. The suspicion that attaches to it has by no means been removed, however. While the preparations for the Congress go on, Mr. Geo. W. Steevens, the London *Mail's* correspondent, who is now in the East, points out that simultaneously with the preparations for the Congress there is a corresponding activity in pushing railway construction in Central Asia. It will be remembered that a book entitled "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," attracted a good deal of attention a few years ago. She has not as yet got into the gates, but Mr. Steevens declares the momentous moment is at hand. He thinks that Russia should be made fully aware that coming to Herat means war, his view being that the struggle might as well come off at once as later. To the lay mind the labyrinthine wilderness of mountains that lie between Herat and Quetta would seem to be defence enough for Hindostan. In these defiles would seem to be the place to withstand an invading army. To go out and meet him at Herat would be to commit the blunder that Gen. Leslie committed at Dunbar. Military opinion is strongly, nevertheless, convinced of the impolicy of allowing Herat to be seized by Russia. The meaning of their declarations is that so long as Herat is in hands hostile to Russia, an attack on India will be next to impossible. It is the only point at which an attack in great force could be prepar-

ed. In the hands of the Russians, too, it is feared that it would be a centre of intrigue and agitation of grievances at the various native courts in India. The position, indeed, seems to be that England herself does not want to advance outside the lines of the Hindoo Koosh, and yet objects to the occupation of Herat by a possible enemy.

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Russia's alleged designs on India are not the uppermost topic in the British Isles just now. If we are to be guided by the newspapers we must conclude that what is called the crisis in the church is the engrossing theme of the hour. Under the protecting ægis of Lord Halifax, head and front of the society known as the English Church Union, ritualism has become bold. A recent service at St. Clement's, City Road, London, is thus described: "Here there is the assumption of vestments, there there is removal; here they are held up, there they are let down; here the stole, the book, the altar are kissed. The clergy bless the incense, they cense the altar, they cense the elements, they cense each other, they cense the congregation. Mysterious movements mark the officiants. The celebrant glides to the south of the altar, washes his fingers, then glides to the centre; then suddenly faces the people with uplifted hands, and as suddenly reverses his position. Meanwhile the thurifer is busy censuring the deacon, the sub-deacon, the servers or acolytes, the choir and finally the people. Candles are lighted. But the strangest thing of all has yet to be mentioned. The celebrant turns round and embraces the deacon by placing his hands affectionately on his shoulders; the deacon similarly embraces the sub-deacon, who in turn embraces the server!"

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Surely no honest-minded person will pretend that these are not innovations on the practice of the Church of England. That they are offensive to the great majority of Englishmen both in and out of the church will scarcely be

denied. I am convinced that the spiritual embracings noted above are wholly foreign to the character of Englishmen, and it is not too strong to say that they are repulsive to the national mind. Auricular confession stands in the same position. This is the innovation of all others that will be most bitterly opposed, and, on the other hand, most obstinately pressed. That it is being pressed by the innovating clergy may be seen by the declaration that at one church, St. Bartholemew's, Brighton, ten thousand confessions were heard in a single year. In the House of Lords, in a recent debate, Lord Salisbury said with regard to it: "It has been injurious to the moral independence and virility of the nation to an extent to which probably it has been given to no other institution to affect the character of mankind." It is in this aspect of it—its effect on a manly character—that it must be regarded as a national disaster if the custom of auricular confession again became general in England. If the people have to choose between the confessional boxes and disestablishment, it is not hard to foretell on which the choice will fall. A married priesthood sitting in the confession box would be both an abomination and a scandal.

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The first County Council elections have been held in Ireland. The voters have exercised their privilege to the full by electing those whose political views pleased them best, aside from every other consideration. In some cases noble lords and landlords have been elected but in a great many more instances they have been rejected, while insignificant and unknown personages of Nationalist proclivities have gone in with tremendous majorities. Those who expected any other result must be political babes and sucklings. There is no need to be concerned about Ireland. It will be found that no very serious national dangers flow from the County Council, nor would they flow from an Irish Parliament.

John A. Ewan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ON the night preceding his untimely death at Windsor Castle, the late Sir John Thompson delivered an address before the members of the Imperial Institute, in which he endorsed the proposal to lay an all-British cable across the Pacific from Canada to Australia, and stated that Canada was ready to support it by a liberal subsidy. That was on December 11th, 1894. But it was not until April, 1899 that a definite announcement was made in the Canadian Parliament, stating that Canada was prepared to carry out her share in this great work. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has announced that Canada will assume five-eighteenthths of the cost, which is estimated at \$7,500,000. Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Opposition, has stated on the floor of the House that he is in sympathy with the Government's decision. As the British Government has already signified that it will assume five-eighteenthths, and as there is reasonable assurance that the Australian colonies will bear the other eight-eighteenthths, the project is now assured. That a British cable across the Pacific will be of great benefit to the colonies thus connected, and to inter-Imperial trade needs no proof and no argument. Any person interested will find a valuable article on the subject on pp. 74-80 of Vol. VII. of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The British people do not yet seem convinced that the British Government is the only one in the world worthy of the name, or that if a resident of the British Isles must emigrate, it should be to one of the colonies. The British emigration for the month of March was as follows :

Canada,	- - - -	1,596
Australia,	- - - -	948
The Cape,	- - - -	1,238
United States,	- - - -	9,751

The British Government cannot prevent emigration to the United States, but it could do much to discourage it. British newspapers have been doing much to aid the colonies, but these figures prove that they have not yet fully moulded public opinion in the British Isles. Perhaps when both the governing classes and the journalists have more fully realized that the colonies are fully as civilized as the United States, such statistics as those given above will be unfamiliar.

The Winnipeg *Free Press* of a recent date has the following paragraph :—

"The *Canadian Magazine* for March contains several interesting contributions, but some of the editorial comment is very absurd. The editor comments on the character of immigrants to the west in evident ignorance of the subject. He labours under the idea that the Icelandic immigrants are undesirable, and also under the delusion that the Dominion Government could inaugurate a Canadian migration from Eastern Canada to the West, 'to displace that from the north to the south.' The Government has no authority to do the first, and the second does not exist. The migration is from the south to the north."

As an off-set to the foregoing paragraph, I would like to quote from a letter received recently from a gentleman who has resided in the Northwest for a number of years :—

"There are many 'white men' in the Northwest who thank you for your remarks in the March number of *The Canadian Magazine* on the Galician immigration curse.

"For the Galicians are neither useful nor ornamental ; and why unsavoury shiploads of them should be dumped down on the top of us

in the Northwest, is an irritating mystery which our minds can only wonder at and swear at.

"Perhaps the Galicians are men and brethren—but we want more business and less ginger-bread philanthropy in our Government methods (methods save the mark)! But this is a very sore subject with us Westerners."

Let us examine the remarks of the *Free Press*. The writer says the Iclander is a desirable immigrant. Let me ask, is he as desirable as a young Canadian from the Eastern Provinces? No one will answer in the affirmative. That is my point. We are losing our young Canadian farmers and gaining young Icelanders, Galicians and Doukhobors—a most foolish exchange.

The *Free Press* writer says that the Government has no authority to inaugurate a migration from Eastern to Western Canada. Why then did it build the Canadian Pacific Railway? Why then does it offer a free farm to any settler from this part of the country? With all due deference to the opinion of the *Free Press* writer, I must admit that I cannot agree with him. The Dominion Government has authority to do anything not prohibited in the B. N. A. Act. This is not prohibited by that Act.

Again, the *Free Press* writer says that the immigration is from the United States to Canada and not from Canada to the United States. He is partially right. Settlers from Dakota and Minnesota are moving across the border into Canada. At the same time, however, young farmers from Ontario are going to Dakota and Minnesota. During the past six weeks hundreds of them have gone, taking with them their wives and children, their implements and stock. Of this I have personal knowledge. Every week scores of French Canadians and people from the Maritime Provinces are crossing the border. It is lamentable, but it is true.

A despatch from Ottawa, dated April 3rd, states that Mr. Sifton has arranged for five or six hundred Hungarian families to be brought to Canada during 1899. Mr. Sifton is doing clever

work, but his policy is a mistaken one. The immigrants he is securing are not so desirable as those from the British Isles. They are rude, barbarous and uncultured. We do not want slaves; we want men. A despatch from Winnipeg dated April 4th, says that a Galician entered the Police Court in that city and asked to be permitted to bring an action against another Galician whose wife he had bought and who now refused to deliver her. Is this man's vote to off-set mine or that of the intelligent writer on the *Winnipeg Free Press*? Is Canada to become as rude, as uncultured, as fickle, as heterogeneous, as careless of law and order and good citizenship as the United States? Are we to have like political disorders?

Canada's immigration policy has been wrong for a number of years. It was wrong before Mr. Sifton became Minister of the Interior, therefore he is not wholly to blame. The previous Ministers of the Crown, his present colleagues, and the members of Parliament are just as responsible as the Hon. Mr. Sifton. It lies with all these gentlemen and with the public to see that this mistaken policy is rectified. Bring in Icelanders, Galicians, Doukhobors, Hungarians, and all the other riff-raff of the world if you will; but at the same time let all possible means be adopted to keep the young Canadian in Canada.

Last month I pointed out that the Federal and Provincial Governments had gone far enough in bonusing railways and that it was time to recast their policies. It was shown that two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or an amount equal to our present Federal debt, had been given away to railway promoters since Confederation.

Announcements from the various Provincial centres and from Ottawa show that the work of bonusing new railroad companies is still proceeding merrily. The task of making more railway millionaires—almost the only kind we have—is being pursued most heartily.

PROVINCIAL GRANTS IN 1899 TO RAILROADS IN ONTARIO.

<i>Name of Road.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Cash.</i>	<i>Land.</i>
Ontario, Hudson's Bay and Western.....	240 miles.	\$ 480,000	1,200,000 acres.
Haliburton, Whitney and Mattawa*.....	30 "	90,000	150,000 "
Ontario and Rainy River	280 "	1,120,000†	
Central Ontario.....	21 "	63,000	
Central Counties Railway.....	14 "	28,000	
Ontario, Belmont and Northern	7 "	22,400	
	592 miles.	\$1,803,400	1,350,000 acres.

* A further grant for an extension of this railway may be expected to follow.

† Of this amount \$615,000 had been voted previously.

Under a plea of developing new districts, the Province of Ontario has incurred a fresh liability in the way of railroad bonuses of nearly two millions of dollars, and this in a session which was opened with an announcement from the Provincial Treasurer that the revenue of the Province was not equal to the expenditure and that some new forms of taxation would be introduced. The bills for the payment of \$1,803,400 in cash and for the handing over of 1,350,000 acres of land were approved.

The land grants to two railways (see table) is 5,000 acres per mile. Now if this land is worth anything it should not be given away. If it is not worth anything, it is ridiculous to vote a cash bonus to a railroad through it. But then the principle of the thing is ridiculous. It would never be followed by a set of legislators who made any attempt to master the duties and responsibilities of their position. What the members of the Ontario Government are doing is following precedent; and it is a lamentable fact that in both Provincial and Federal politics of the last thirty years there is abundant precedent for this sort of conduct.

No doubt these legislators are anxious to do something to make the Province more populous, more prosperous, more wealthy. They are persuaded by interested parties that they will be hailed by the public as giants of wis-

dom. With a vague hope in their hearts that the thing will come out all right in the end, they yield to the lobbyists in order to oblige their friends and give the Province more railroads. The situation would be humorous were it not so tragic from a taxpayer's point of view.

A newspaper writer, sometime ago, said that the railway promoter would now have to move on to British Columbia, for all the other provinces had no need for more railroads. Apparently that writer overlooked northern Ontario.

Perhaps, before this reaches the readers of the MAGAZINE, the Dominion Government railway grants for 1899 will be announced. They will be excellent reading. The present Government promised economy when it came into power in 1896, but it is fully as prodigal of the country's resources as was its predecessor.

In one department only has the promise of economy been kept. The Post Office Revenue has increased by \$375,000. Many new post offices were opened up, nearly two million more letters were carried, yet the expenditure was about \$160,000 less than in 1897. This increase in revenue and this decrease in expenditure have reduced the deficit in the department to \$47,602. If thanks are due to any person for this, it is to the Postmaster-General, not to the Liberal cabinet.

John A. Cooper.



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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WE have no Canadian, apparently, who can give us a romantic history of our country. Parkman accomplished something; but no Macaulay has arisen to complete and extend the work. Roberts' one-volume history comes near to the mark in some chapters. Bourinot and Kingsford have little style and less imagination. Calkin's short history is much better than Clement's, but that is not extravagant praise. The Macaulay of Canadian history is undiscovered as yet. Goldwin Smith could give us something unique if he would.

But if we have no romantic history, we have many historical romances, and for a time these may suffice. Major Richardson's "Wacousta," Marmette's "Francois d'Bienville," Gaspe's "Les Anciens Canadiens," Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard," etc., Conan Doyle's "Refugees," Barr's "In the Midst of Alarms," Kirby's "The Golden Dog," Gilbert Parker's numerous tales, William McLennan's two or three stories, Charles G. D. Roberts' "A Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," and many minor works by such writers as Seranus, Fidelis and Blanche Macdonnell—all these have touched the romantic in our history. Worthy as are all these works, let us hope that they are but the forerunners of even greater works in romance and in history.

The two latest additions to our historical romances are "Marguerite de Roberval," by T. G. Marquis,* and "The Span o' Life," by William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith.* The former comes almost unrecommended, unheralded. The latter has the approval of "Harper's Magazine," where it ran serially, in addition to the excellent reputation which Mr. McLennan had fairly won with his previous books. In spite of this it is difficult to say which book is worthy of most admiration.

Marguerite de Roberval is a niece of the famous Robert Sieur de Roberval, who attempted, in conjunction with Jacques Cartier, to plant the first French settlements in North America. This story opens in St. Malo in 1539, with a meeting of Jacques Cartier, Claude de Pontbriand and Charles de la Pommeraye. Claude is in love with Marguerite, and Pommeraye has just had a duel with Roberval arising out of an insult offered by the former to Marguerite. Finally the four men join to organize an expedition to Canada, which eventually sails in two divisions. Cartier and Pommeraye have charge of one; Roberval the other. Claude has declared his love for Marguerite, and Roberval has sternly forbade him pressing his suit. As Marguerite is to accompany Roberval, Claude steals on board the ship, and when discovered is made a prisoner by Roberval. Marguerite, two female companions, and Claude are after many troubles deserted on a barren island in the St. Lawrence, where their sufferings during two years are intense. The final downfall of the brutal Roberval and the fate of the other persons make a thrilling tragedy, which Mr. Marquis has handled with skill. Pommeraye is the most noble figure in the story, and must win every reader's admiration by his gallantry and the steadfastness of his passion for a woman whom fate had decreed should never be his. Marguerite might have been more thoroughly described; but her bravery, strength of mind

*Both books are published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

and sincerity of purpose mark her as an extraordinary woman. The story is never complicated, and moves rapidly from one point to another. There is scarcely a dull page, and one cannot avoid feeling that Mr. Marquis is an accomplished story-teller.

"The Span o' Life," a tale of Louisbourg and Quebec, derives its title from the stanza :

The span o' life's nae lang enough,
Nor deep enough the sea,
Nor braid enough this weary world
To part my love frae me.

Hugh Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, is hiding in London, because of his connection with the misdirected Stuart affair of 1745. Here he meets and falls in love with Margaret Nairn. Soon afterwards, Hugh discovers a woman whom as a girl he had secretly married, but who now refuses to live with him. Under the circumstances he feels that he cannot press his suit with Margaret; he, therefore, enlists again under the French king, and is sent to Louisbourg. He has never openly declared his love for Margaret, but each realizes a strong attachment. After some years Margaret comes to Canada to seek the man she loves, and her adventures as related by herself are almost wonderful. Eventually she meets her husband during the second siege of Quebec, when the French were endeavouring to regain what in the previous year they had lost on the Plains of Abraham.

"The story is divided into three parts. The first and third are told in the first person by Hugh Maxwell, and the second gives an account of Margaret's wanderings in her own words. This surmounts some difficulties in the ordinary "first person narrative," and enables the authors to introduce a broader range of scenes and events. The book is gracefully written and carefully polished. Because of its excellence in these virtues it at times seems rather flat. The rugged vivacious descriptions which give strength to Mr. Marquis' novel, are almost wanting, yet there is no doubt that for art and purely literary style "The Span o' Life" is far above "Marguerite de Roberval." The latter possesses a simplicity and straightforwardness in plot and action which makes it a more readable story from the commoner's point of view. But both novels are worthy of a place on the first shelf of Canadian books.



THE MORMON PROPHET.*

Miss Lily Dougall, a novelist of whom Canada has no reason to be ashamed, has given us a new volume, a story with a purpose. "The Mormon Prophet" is intended to teach, and is thus quite distinct in character from those novels which aim only at describing life as it really is, without discussion of any kind. Its purpose is set forth in the preface as follows :

"In studying the rise of this curious sect I have discovered that certain misconceptions concerning it are deeply rooted in the minds of many of the more earnest of the well-wishers to society. Some otherwise well-informed people hold Mormonism to be synonymous with polygamy, believe that Brigham Young was its chief prophet, and are convinced that the miseries of oppressed women, and tyrannies exercised over helpless subjects of both sexes, are the only themes that the religion of more than two hundred thousand people can afford. When I have ventured in conversation to deny these somewhat fabulous notions, it has been earnestly suggested to me that to write on so false a religion in other than a polemic spirit would tend to the undermining of civic life.

"In spite of these warnings, and although I know it to be a most dangerous commodity, I have ventured to offer the simple truth, as far as I have been able to discern it."

* "The Mormon Prophet," by Lily Dougall, author of "The Mermaid," "The Zeitgeist," "Beggars All," etc. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

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In spite of the "purpose" of the story, it will be found decidedly entertaining, much more interesting than might be expected. Joseph Smith, his new Bible of golden plates, his wife and baby, Susannah the doubter, and all the other unique American characters, catch and hold the reader's interest from the first chapter onwards. Moreover, Miss Dougall knows how to gain the reader's sympathy for her characters—a point at which many writers fail.



TWO VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES.

It would be hard to conceive a greater contrast than there is between the two volumes of short stories published recently by William Briggs. Henry Cecil Walsh is fanciful, wordy, diffuse, and very seldom dramatic. W. A. Fraser is crisp, intense, concentrated, picturesque, and always dramatic. Mr. Walsh describes all the little details which are of importance, and then all those which are of no importance. If Mr. Fraser condescends to chronicle a detail, he gives it a significance which raises it above the ordinary level. Mr. Walsh stretches out his stories through thousands of words, and you read on and on, only to find that when he has finished there is no story. Mr. Fraser's tales are active from the start, event succeeds event, his personages are always moving, and the expected does not always happen.

"The Eye of a God," which is the title of Mr. Fraser's volume, contains six stories, four from far-away India, and two from the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Fraser has lived in these districts, and he speaks as one having knowledge. Take this extract from the speech of a Medicine Man :

"Then they drove him forth in anger, and he stood again where the trail forks. He turned to the left, and journeyed along until the smell of the sweet-grass and the sage smote upon his nostrils, and he knew that he was coming to the Happy Hunting-Ground of his own people, the Indians.

"Like the noise of the wings of the great birds that make the thunder was the sound of the hoofs of the Buffalo, that were even as the sands of the river, as the spirits of the Happy Hunting-Ground ran them in the chase."

Here we have the sweet-grass, the sage, the fork in the trail, the thunder-birds, the happy hunting-ground—all these crowded pictures of a life which must be seen to be understood. That is Mr. Fraser's secret. He is a story-teller, but he is more. He is an artist and a traveller. He has seen. Many of us are travellers, but not all of us have seen. But there is no need of praising this new volume, as five or six of Mr. Fraser's tales have already appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*; moreover, his stories have won him a leading place among the writers of to-day in both New York and London.

As for Mr. Walsh, his attempt is a good one. He has lived a narrow life, but he has seen the French Canadian. He knows Quebec and the Quebecers very well indeed. That he does not describe them better in "Bonhomme : French Canadian Stories and Sketches," is because he lacks force and humour—and without these two, few men have won fame in any calling. However, there have been many worse stories published than "A Crown Courier," and "The Onion in the Wheel-Rut," two of this collection, and there have been much worse illustrations than those by Mr. Brymner.



THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

S. R. Crockett's stories are usually cheerful, but "The Black Douglas" (Toronto: Morang) is a decided exception. It is gruesome, forbidding, and at times revolting. Gilles de Retz, a more central figure in the story than the Black Douglas, is a hideous Frenchman of the fifteenth century, whose chief occupation is

the sacrifice of innocent children, youths and maidens to the Devil, and the drinking of their blood, in the vain hope that he may live forever. In the last fifty pages of the book his charnel-house is discovered, and we are blandly informed that "these vague forms, mostly charred like half-burned wood, these scraps of white bone, these little crushed skulls, were all that remained of the innocent children who, in the freshness of their youth and beauty, had been seduced into the fatal castle of Machecoul." There are twenty sacks full of these bones, and twenty more waiting to be filled. This is followed up by the almost completed sacrifice of two Scotch maidens and one Scotch lad—who are rescued only after the reader had been fully harrowed by the preparations made for their intended torture.

S. R. Crockett has taken the name of the Black Douglas in vain. The first half of the story is occupied with a history of his life and his death, and there the tale should have ended. What follows is no part of the tragedy in which he played so magnificent a part. When the hero of a story dies, is married, or performs the highest duties of which he is capable, his story is closed. To afterwards use his good name under which to describe one of the vilest of human beings is not fair to the hero or to his admirers.

Should any person prone to read of sensational occurrences or soul-moving horrors and atrocities, ask me if I should recommend "The Black Douglas," my answer would be in the affirmative. To the man or woman desirous of reading only what is pleasant, artistic or elevating, I would say "Shun it as you would an immoral story or a fourth-rate play." Every event may be justified by history, but their description cannot always be justified by common sense. The latter half of the book could only be equalled by the description in a New York daily newspaper of an unusually revolting murder. We have enough of the vulgar and debasing in our present life, without being called upon to revel in the vices and viciousness of past centuries.



A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

It is a relief to turn occasionally from the omnipresent love-story, and from the omniscient manufacturer of possible and impossible romances to a thoroughly wholesome book dealing with sane adventure. William Briggs has done well to give us a Canadian edition of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," a story of a trip around the world after sperm whales. The book, during the past few months, has attracted much attention in England and Rudyard Kipling has written the following letter to his fellow author:

DEAR MR. BULLEN:

"It is immense—there is no other word. I never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you have opened the door to.

Very sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rottingdean, Nov. 22, 1898.

This story of the methods and dangers of the South Sea whale fishers is decidedly interesting, and worthy of the generous praise which Mr. Kipling has given.



MR. DOOLEY'S HUMOUR.

Mr. Dooley's talks in book form are not so attractive as in an occasional article in a newspaper. To get him all at once is to become satiated with him.

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True, he is clever, witty and wise—but with all these qualities, he is digestible only in small doses. Mr. F. P. Dunne, a Chicago journalist, has made a decided discovery in his new style of humour. It was a timely discovery. Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, and even our own Sam Slick, had been relegated to the back shelves of public favour. Mr. Dunne not only used his American-Irish friend to great advantage in producing humour, but he infused into the genial gentleman's remarks a satire and a sagacity which won public approval. He spoke the people's thoughts with a pointedness, a directness and a humorous turn which made these thoughts doubly acceptable to the people who were thinking them. They laughed and said "Right you are, Mr. Dooley," and if Mr. Dooley had not been right, even his wit and humour would not have made him famous. Whether Mr. Dunne's volume will be classed as "literature" in the blue books, does not really matter; the world of readers laughs, is happy—and forgets.



NOTES.

"The Anglo-American Magazine" for April (Vol. I., No. 3), contains "From The Great Lakes to the Ocean," by Captain Gillmore, of Ottawa, "An Open Door with Canada," by Erastus Wiman, "The Yukon Territory," by Thomas Crahan, and much other interesting material. Capt. Gillmore's article deals with the proposed canal between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa, a project which he approves with much enthusiasm.

"The Godhood of Man" is the title of a book by a Chicago man who does not approve the present religious ideas of the English-speaking Christians, because they lead to inequalities and give too much importance to church and state.

"Light Amid the Shadows" is the title of a small volume of devotional verse by Annie Clarke, a Canadian. Some of these are bright, and all exhibit a high degree of religious spirituality. (Toronto: The Revell Co.)

"Susannah," by Mary E. Mann (Unwin's Colonial Library), is a lengthy story of considerable merit. Susannah's father dies penniless, and his daughters must live with their relatives. Susannah has a difficult time with a charity-mad London widow, and later on as a maid-of-all-work in a lodging house. She bears her hard luck with equanimity, and it serves but to make her strong. Of course, the knight appears in due time, and everybody is happy.

Mr. David Boyle is an antiquarian who has done much for Canadian history. He has just presented to the Minister of Education for Ontario—at the latter's expense—an exhaustive report on the Iroquois Pagans and Paganism of the Grand River Reserve. Mr. Boyle deals very generously with his subject. Rites, dances, myths, legends, festivals, music, customs, and other matters connected with the archæology and ethnology of this once famous race of redmen, are carefully discussed. Of course, the report will be read by only about a dozen people, but that does not lessen its bulk or its value. (Published by the Ontario Government.)

Any person interested in municipal reform will find the New York Quarterly, "Municipal Affairs," a very valuable work of reference. It is published at 52 William Street.

On June 1st Armour & Co., of Chicago, close their thousand dollar competition for the best finished coloured design (single or serial), for a 1900 art calendar. This competition has attracted much attention among Canadian artists, and several are sending designs. The effect of the modern style of advertising upon art is something which cannot be overlooked. Advertisers are certainly making the artists' calling much more lucrative.

"The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker, has been translated into French by N. Le Vasseur, and is published by Frank Carrel, Quebec, at fifty cents.

The New Brunswick Historical Society, of which S. D. Scott, of St. John, is President, and Jonas Howe, Corresponding Secretary, has published the fourth number of its Collections. The material included is very valuable indeed, and reflects much credit on the Society. Dr. Ganong's work in this connection is worthy of special mention.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan has bought back the publishing rights of "The Canadian Parliamentary Companion," which he founded in 1862. Mr. Morgan will soon get out a new issue which, it is said, will be a decided improvement on any previous annual effort.

The Longman Colonial Library contains nearly all of H. Rider Haggard's novels. The latest issue is "Swallow," a tale of the Boer and Kaffir, particularly of the great Trek of 1836. It is an historical novel with plenty of killing and dying.

The Macmillan Sixpenny Series has been increased by a selection of the poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The selections include "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam." This is a splendid volume to slip into the summer holiday portmanteau.

THE FOUNDER OF HALIFAX.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Permit me to invite your attention to a palpable error in Mr. J. Taylor Wood's article on Halifax in the April number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It was not Lord Cornwallis, as therein stated, who commanded the expedition sent to Chebucto Bay by the English Government in 1749, and which resulted in the foundation of the city of Halifax, but another member of that well-known family, namely, Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) the Honourable Edward Cornwallis. He became the first Governor of the Colony, and was afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. He died in 1776 while holding the last-named appointment. I might further say that the 8th of June was for a long time regarded as the date of the foundation of Halifax, and on that day in 1849 the centenary of the foundation of the city was celebrated. According to McCord, however ("Handbook of Cana-

dian Dates,") the correctness of the date came to be questioned, and, in 1862, correspondence between the Celebration Committee and the Commissioner of Public Records (the late Dr. Akins) led to the production by him of a letter written by Colonel Cornwallis, in which he stated that he had arrived in Halifax Harbour on the 21st of June. A proclamation by the Governor then appeared in the *Royal Gazette*, appointing the 21st of June, 1862, as the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax, and on that day it has ever since been observed. But, although Cornwallis did arrive in Chebucto Bay on the 21st of June, it was only with his suite, on board the sloop of war *Sphinx*. The first of the transports carrying the settlers did not appear until the 27th, and it was not before the 30th of June that the settlers landed, and that Halifax was founded.

Ottawa, April 8, 1899.

Henry J. Morgan.



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IDE MOMENTS

ANECDOTES.

A SCOTCH farmer, celebrated in his neighbourhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvellous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the fence, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

The story goes that when Li Hung Chang was in England an admirer sent him a specially fine bull-terrier, intended to watch over the veteran statesman's declining years. The following letter—so the story goes—was received in acknowledgment: "My Dear —,—While tendering my best thanks for sending me your dog, I beg to say that, as for myself, I have long since given up the practice of eating dog's flesh; but my attendants to whom I handed the creature, tell me they never tasted anything so nice. Your devoted L."

A delightful instance of the Prince of Wales' geniality occurred some few

years ago when he was visiting the Earl of Warwick at Easton Hall, Dunmow, Essex. He was driving through the county to make a call when, at a small village, Wimbish I believe it was called, either one of the horses cast a shoe or some damage was done to the Prince's equipage—at any rate, a halt was necessary while repairs were effected. The Prince was strolling up and down when a rustic came up to him and, touching his hat, said: "They tell us, sir, as you be the Prince of Wales?" H. R. H. affably replied that such was the case. His visitor, on receiving an affirmative to his question, continued: "Then, sir, a lot of us, me and my mates, would like to drink your Royal 'Ighness's good elth." The hint was taken and the petitioner was awarded a half-a-crown for the purpose, the Prince, as he gave the money, laughing heartily.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Father O'Leary, a well-known Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbour, the Church of England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly: "Oh! Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?" "No," said the priest, "what is it at all?" "Something awful," says the vicar. "The bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Catholics have tumbled into hell." "Oh, dear, oh, dear," says Father O'Leary, "what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got."

CRUSHED.

A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and, tapping



TOO LATE.

NAMIE—I'm just that angry I could cry.

EDITH—Why, what's the matter, dear?

MAMIE—That horrid beast, Riply, who skipped my dance the other night, was sitting right behind me at the matinee to-day, and I only had my walking hat on.

him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said :

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

WILLING TO QUALIFY.

A few days ago a recruit was taken to be sworn in by the magistrate. Everything was going on swimmingly

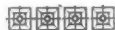
till the magistrate asked the man the following question : "Have you ever been in prison?"

At this the man looked startled, but quickly recovering himself, he blurted out, "No, sir, I have never been in gaol, but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary."

INQUISITIVE.

Child to nursemaid : "I say, Jane, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?"

Jane : "Why, o'course Master Reggie, English mutton's made of sheep and Orstralian of 'orse."





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